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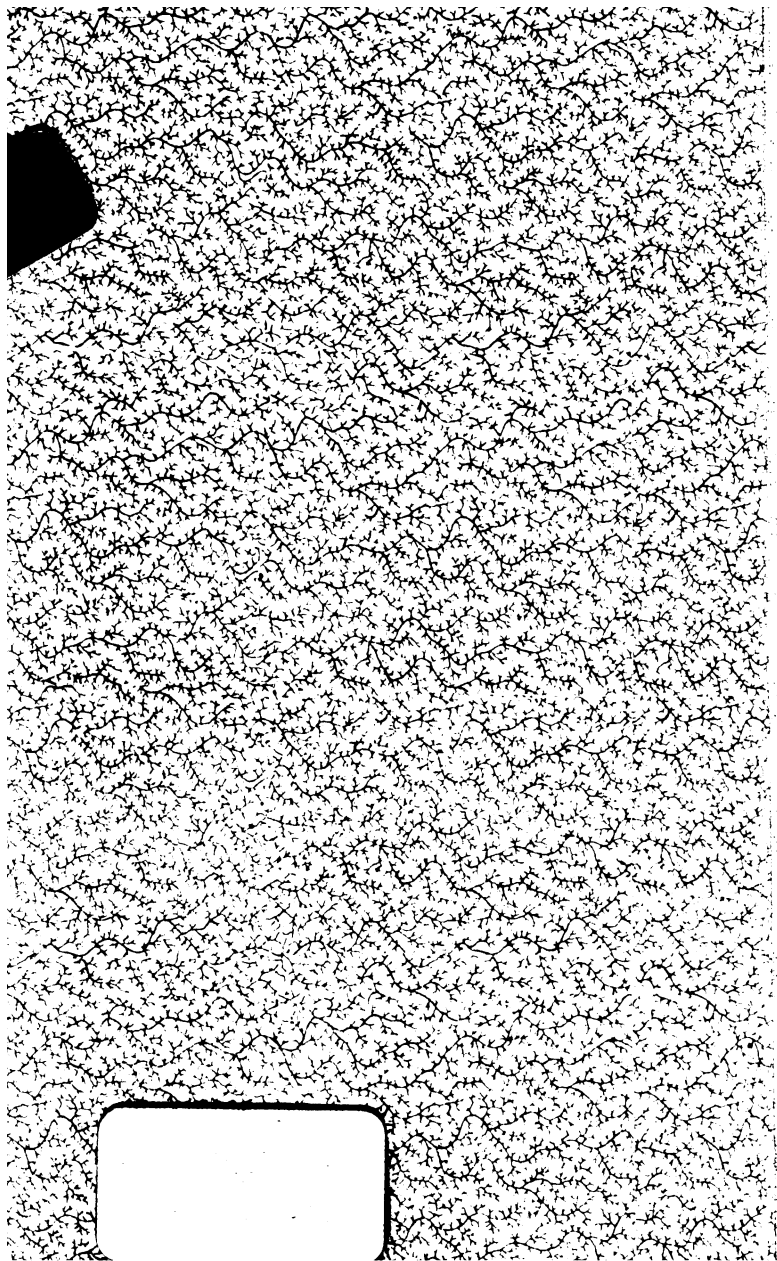
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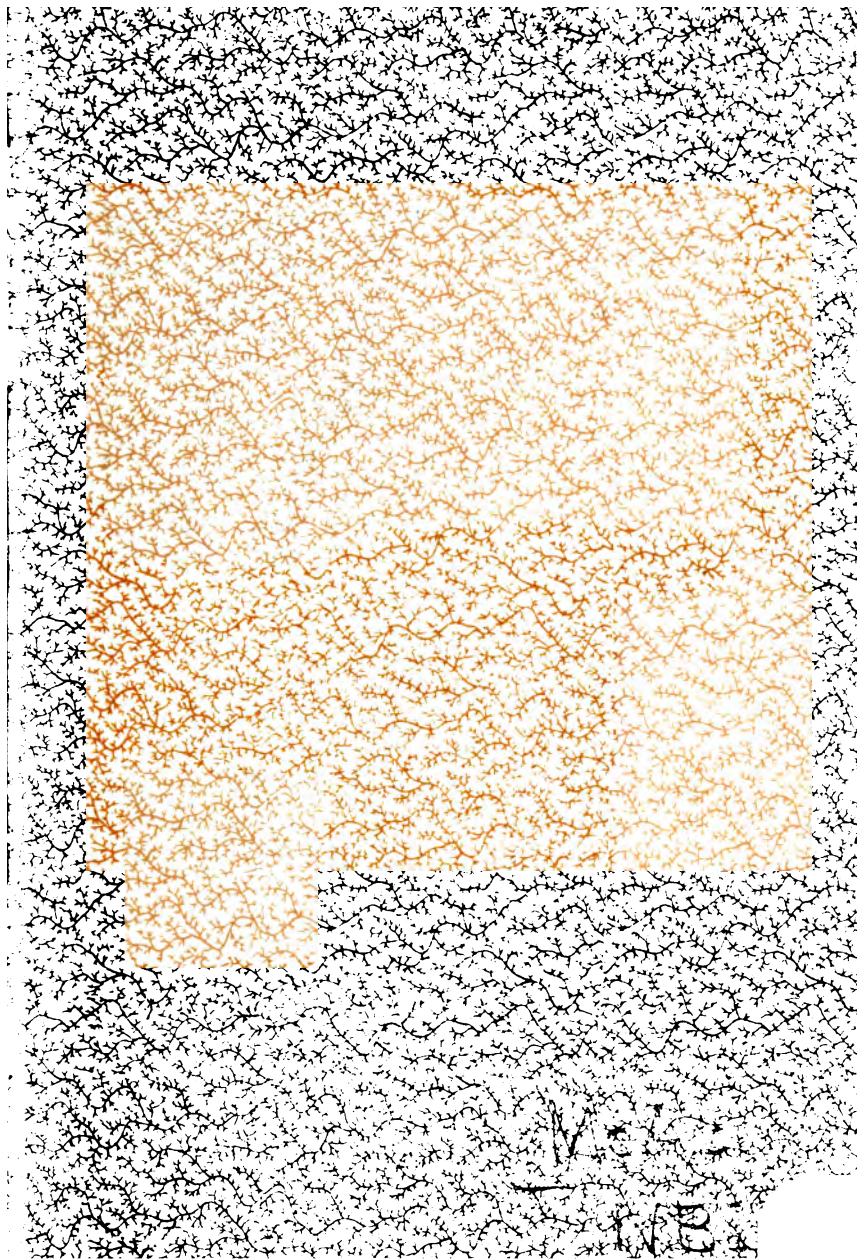
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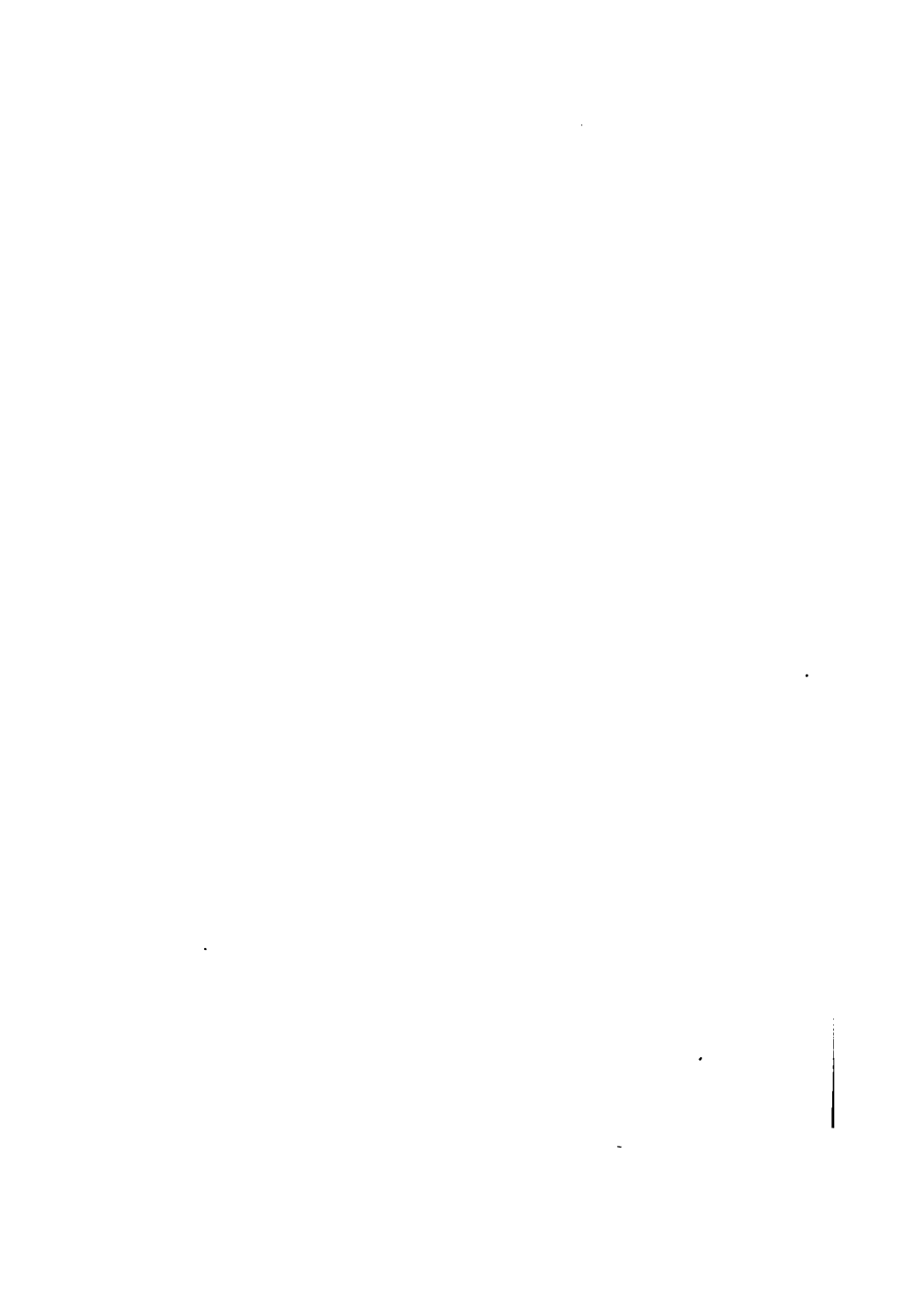
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ROSEHEATH POEMS

BY

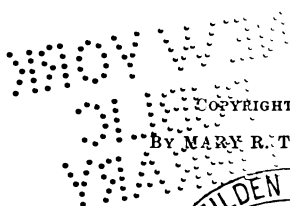
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DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP,

OF NEW YORK,

AND

MRS. WILLIAM W. MASSIE,

OF HIDAWAY, PARIS, KY.,

THESE ROSEHEATH POEMS ARE DEDICATED, WITH THE
MOST GRATEFUL AND TENDER LOVE OF

M. R. M.

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THE SUMMER BREEZE.

To A. R. T.

SWEET singing Summer Breeze,
So gently wandering by,
What are thy tales of the deep blue sea,
And the mountains green and high?
I know thy path has been
O'er isles of balm and bloom;
Then tell of each bright and joyous scene,
For my heart is sick with gloom.

"I have wandered far o'er the foaming brine,
Where the dolphins gleam and the pure pearls
shine;
I freshly waked where the dying sun
Proclaimed that the bright, bright day was done;
Through the ship's white sails I gently crept,
Where the sailor's midnight watch was kept;
And I sang by the light of the first pale star
Of his babes and his cabin home afar.
I lifted his locks with a touch as bland
As the loved caress of his mother's hand;
But I hushed my song and softly slept,
For the strong man lifted his voice and wept;

I had sounded the depths of his true heart well,
For the love of home is a holy spell.

At the early dawn I have swept in pride
Through the lordly oaks on the mountain side ;
And I ruffled the eagle's kingly crest
As he soared to his bold ærial nest ;
I have wandered through groves of orange bloom,
And my wing was laden with rich perfume.
O fresh and sweet is the Summer Breeze,
When it roams through isles of the glittering seas,
For I steal the odor of myriad flowers
As they burst to life in those fadeless bowers—
A passionate wooer of bud and bell,
And I moaned in the heart of the ocean shell,
I dallied in glee with the silvery wave,
And softly sighed o'er the maiden's grave.

And when the day was almost spent,
I gently stole to the mission tent ;
Oh, a consecrated group were there,
Bowed at the sunset hour, in prayer.
The man of God for the heathen plead,
And tears o'er their darkened wanderings shed ;
I whispered among that kindred band
Of their native home and fatherland ;
But the voice was firm, and the cheek blenched not,
Though each early scene was unforgot ;

They followed on in a blood-stained track,
Bought with a price, and they looked not back,
And the souls they have won from Error's night
Shall shine in their crowns like gems of light."

Sweet singing Summer Breeze,
Thou wak'st a haunting thirst,
To be with brighter things than these,
Where cooler fountains burst.
Oh! bear me on thy wing
To some pure clime of bliss,
Or back the dead, the absent bring,
My spirit mourns in this.

"I have wandered far among all things free,
I have crossed the waves of the deep blue sea;
I have sadly sung in the desert lone,
I have sobbed where the forest pines make moan;
I have roved through the mightiest fanes of art,
And have murmured low in the rose's heart.
I have sailed on the river's placid breast,
But I found not the friends thou hast loved the best;
I sighed o'er the mounds where their ashes sleep,
Where their guard the mission seraphs keep;
But the bright freed spirits that passed on high,
Beyond the stars, and beyond the sky,
I met them not; they are far away,
Where cloudless sunshine illumines the day.

The wing of the singing Summer Breeze
Has been amid sadder things than these ;
I was sent as they sent the mission dove,
O'er the trackless wastes of earth to rove,
To dwell amid all things most loved and fair,
To fold my wing with the bright and rare ;
Yet no green dingle so dark and low,
Where my breathing sweet I must not bestow ;
I steal to the captives narrow cell,
With a voice of home from his native dell ;
I linger long in the chamber where
The dying pine, for the pure fresh air.
When the mourner faints in her deep despair,
My sweetest odors are wafted there.

Ah ! mine is a blessed ministry,
Though oft afar from the gay and free,
Though oft to the new-made grave I'm sent,
And my song with the weeper's wail is blent.
And still through stormy and sunny days
My breath is the breath of grateful praise.
And thou, frail, pining child of dust,
Fix on the Highest thy fervent trust,
The angel's wing alone may bear
To the cloudless clime, where all is fair.
There are homes of want for thy feet to find,
There are broken hearts for thee to bind,

And the longest life too short will be,
To labor for Him who died for thee."

Sweet singing Summer Breeze,
Let me thy mission share!
I pine in sorrowing scenes like these,
My brother's grief to bear.
Where'er my path may be,
Whether in storm or shine,
Oh! be my blessed ministry,
Gladly fulfilled as thine.

GOD SAVE THE FLAG OF OUR NATIVE
LAND.

TO MY FATHER, WALKER THORNTON.

GOD save the flag of our Native Land,
The glorious banner of stripes and stars ;
Crushed be the treacherous, craven hand,
That its hallowed and blended beauty mars ;
Long hath it gallantly floated out,
Our ensign of freedom, on sea and shore,
And the sovereign people, with loyal shout,
Shall rally around it forevermore.
American freemen, hand to hand,
A bulwark to guard it well shall stand :
God save the Flag of our Native Land.

It gladdened the eyes of WASHINGTON !
JOHN HANCOCK swore to defend it well :
At Yorktown, Bunker, and Bennington,
Heroes defending it, bravely fell !
Shot and saber were naught to them,
Guarding our banner, bought with blood,
A scar for its sake was a diadem,
Coveted nobly by field and flood.

16 *God save the Flag of our Native Land.*

American freemen, hand to hand,
A bulwark to guard it well shall stand :
God save the Flag of our Native Land.

ANDERSON guards our flag to-day,
With his gallant band all staunch and true ;
When a thousand years have passed away,
Sumter shall loom o'er the waters blue ;
A monument true to the Stripes and Stars,
They are dear as the veins that warm the heart ;
Crushed be the craven hand that mars
Their beauty, or tears the folds apart.
American freemen, hand to hand,
A bulwark to guard it well shall stand ;
God save the Flag of our Native Land.

MADELEINE.

TO MRS. HELEN KELLY FORMAN.

THE moon is up—the night is waning fast,
My boat is anchored by the pebbled shore,
And I have lingered here to look my last
Upon the home that may be ours no more ;
To keep again an old familiar tryst,
To clasp thy gentle hand once more in mine,
And braid thy hair with flowers by night-dews
kiss'd,
While o'er thy upturned brow the young stars
shine, Madeleine.

Dost thou recall to-night the beauteous time
 When in these fragrant woods I met thee first :
 While faintly fell the vesper's holy chime,
 Thy maiden charms upon my vision burst?
 The sun was setting in a golden glow,
 His parting glance beamed bright on flower and
 tree,
 A roseate hue had tinged the mountain snow,
 But these were naught, for thou wert all to me,
 Madeleine.

How oft to me upon the battle's eve,
That picture of the past comes floating by ;
And then my inmost spirit doth receive
The tender glances of thy soul-lit eye.
The west wind dallies with thy mantle's fold,
Beneath the arch where myrtle branches meet,
And softly fans thy ringlets' wavy gold,
That almost ripple to thy tiny feet,
Madeleine.

And then I hear the full, majestic swell
Of the deep organ in the old church aisle,
And thy dear voice that softly rose and fell,
More sweet to me than seraph's tone the while ;
I start to hear the cannon's booming sound,
The clash of steel upon the deep mid sea,
The conflict's roar the anthem notes have drowned,
The war-cloud dimmed that vision bless'd of thee,
Madeleine.

Yet pledge once more, dear love, before we part,
While o'er thy upturned brow the young stars
In fearless faith, to me, thy guileless heart, [shine,
Ere sails our ship across the foaming brine.
The moon is up, the night is waning fast,
My boat is anchored by the pebbled shore,
And I have lingered here to look my last
Upon the home that may be ours no more,
Madeleine.

THE BLUE LICK HILLS.

THEY have brought me mosses from fanes of art,
Jewels from Orient lands,
Where nature kissed by a tropic sun,
With an Eden bloom expands.

Moss from the fountain of Vaucluse,
And thyme from Rydal mount ;
Ivy and heather from *la belle* France,
You may on your fingers count.

And a clover blossom culled from the lawn—
Ah ! Marie Antoinette—
Of the Tuileries long ago,
For this my eyes are wet.

Fair France ! my mother's ancestral home,
How the depths of my full heart burn,
To the tender story of Malmaison,
The valor of Auvergne.

These ferns were brought from a beetling crag,
Close by an Eagle's nest—

More precious the Blue Lick grass that droops
O'er the red bird's matchless crest.

This essence rare from Damascus came,
Where the ice-cold Lebanon flows ;
The quaint small crystal marvel holds
The precious breath of the Rose.

But sweeter the breath of the Blue Lick hills,
The cedars with berries crowned,
The wild Monardis that hides in the clefts,
The mosses that deck the ground.

You may take my treasures—my treasures all,
Memorials of unknown lands,
But bring me mosses and grasses sweet
From the Blue Lick in your hands.

I pine with a captive's sad unrest,
With the grief of a homesick child,
For something culled from their precious soil,
Fragile and sweet and wild.

I know, I know how each dainty gem
Your unworn spirit thrills,
But the Mecca haunts of my heart's dear love
Are Kentucky's Blue Lick hills.

GENERAL LOGAN'S BATTLE-CRY.

"DON'T FEAR DEATH, MEN, FEAR ONLY DISHONOR."

Rallying charge of Brigadier-General John A. Logan, to his
men at the Battle of Fort Donelson.

FROM Donelson's stern, serried heights,
For our country—God's blessing upon her!
Rings out Logan's brave rallying cry:
"Don't fear death, men, fear only dishonor!"
Charge bravely for Douglas to-day,
Where "patriots and traitors" are meeting;
Tho' dead he shall win the proud field,
While we shout a victorious greeting.

Remember the land of the West—
Our homes toward the sun's golden setting—
That the hearts which have loved us the best
May have naught for reproach or regretting!
Strike home for our banner to-day—
For our country—God's blessing upon her!
For the blood-baptized flag of the free;
"Don't fear death, men, fear only dishonor!"

Brave words, of a brave, loyal heart,
Fair sunlight for death's frowning portal;
Embalm, them, O centuries grand,
In their patriot beauty, immortal!
Ring out that brave rallying cry—
For our country—God's blessing upon her!
For the blood-baptized flag of the free—
“Don't fear death, men, fear only dishonor!”

SONNET.

OH, I am faint and famished for the flowers!
Through days of darkest storm they gave me
 calm :
For wounds that inly bled, they brought me balm ;
My privy counselors, through trial hours ;
My nurses that restored my wasted powers
Of heart and brain ; my lovers sweet and true ;
My children, nestling near me in the dew ;
My loyal-hearted friends, my precious flowers !
My teachers of a brighter life than ours.
I read the lessons on their faces dumb,
The blessed promise of the life to come,
A resurrection fairer than the flowers !
They were my preachers through the summer
 hours,
And I am faint and famished for the flowers !

NOONTIDE IN THE HIGHLAND
MEADOWS.

NOONTIDE in the Highland meadows !
Noontide dewy and sweet ;
The summer heavens above me,
And mosses beneath my feet.
And fringing the rippling brooklet
Are flowers crimson and white,
And the forest birds are sweeping
Far out through the realms of light.

The woodland sprites are leading
My feet through the sedgy grass,
Where sparkling in endless laughter,
The cool, sweet waters pass.
We are caught in the vine's green tanglet,
Now we wade through the pebbly bed,
The cool, sweet waters below us,
The bright sky overhead.

But hark to the sudden splashing !
The rain-drops fast and free,
Are wakening the grand old forest,
To their summer minstrelsy.

And the wild, weird mountain echoes
Have caught up the sweet refrain ;
And the waters laugh in gladness
To the sound of the rippling rain.

Oh ! Highland summer meadows,
In your light so far away ;
My full heart breaks for the beauty
Of your rippling streams to-day ;
For the flowers fringing their margin,
The flowers crimson and white,
And the birds that thro' their golden depths
Are chanting their wild delight.

While I am pining, a captive,
Alone in a silent room,
Shut in from the glorious summer light
And the summer's rosy bloom,
My roses in regal splendor
Die, out in their lonely beds,
And my jasmine from her golden urns
Her peerless perfume sheds.

Oh ! beautiful Highland meadows,
With your plumes of feathery white ;
Oh ! crimson Monardis, all uncultured,
In the summer's golden light,

26 *Noontide in the Highland Meadows.*

Only in dreams I greet ye,
So free, so far away;
And my full heart breaks for the beauty
Of your rippling streams to-day.

THE SPRING IS COMING.

THE Spring is coming! on the distant hills
Floats out her matchless veil of purple mist,
Crowned with the sunshine, by the glad winds
kissed,
And heralded by laughter of the rills,
Until the heart of Nature wakes and thrills,
And flowers, like happy children, where they list,
Spring up to clasp her robes of amethyst.
A wordless melody the soft air fills,
And in sweet interludes the rain distills;
While the ecstatic harmonies we list,
We hail the Eden that we long have missed;
Unblest regret no more the Spirit fills.
Alas! we only darken with despair
The happy world that God hath made so fair!

“ALLAH KAFEE”—(GOD IS ENOUGH.)

TO REV. CHARLES W. FORMAN, LAHORE, NORTHERN INDIA.

I ASK not if the time be day or night;
I ask not if the way be smooth or rough;
To see His blood-stained footsteps is enough.
To know my Leader's brave behest is right.
Watchful and prayerful, girded for the fight,
I heed not Satan's impotent rebuff—
I conquer through my Lord—it is enough.
He giveth songs of gladness in the night,
And joy is born of tears at morning light.
Enough to know He is my strength and shield,
Enough to know He crowns me on the field,
And where His banner floats I hail the right.
By day or night, in pleasant paths or rough,
To see His blood-stained footsteps is enough.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

"HIS NAME AN INSPIRATION AND A BENEDICTION."—REV. T.
DE WITT TALMAGE.

LOWER our country's flag of stars;
Lower the flag half-mast;
The last of the grand old galaxy
To the inner heaven hath passed.
He crowned our land in her palmiest days,
He wept through her conflict dire,
But the eloquent tongue is cold and dumb,
Shattered the heart of fire.

The last of the grand old galaxy,
Crittenden, Calhoun, and Clay,
And Webster, glorious Star of the North,
From his vision had passed away—
Yet his steadfast light was a shrine of pow'r,
A beacon on land and sea,
He needed no pomp of Church or State
For the wondering world to see.

Wrong stood abashed, and hailed the right,
Before his kindling eye;
And wounded things drew near his side,
In peace assured to die;

For through all changes, near or far,
And through all gain or loss,
He worshiped the great Jehovah's name,
He lived by the power of the Cross.

We only say at the set of sun,
The west with gold is aflame,
And so his name is ablaze with light,
For the scroll of his country's fame ;
And many a throne in its crumbling pride,
Glistening with jewels rare,
Held not the power to cheer or bless,
Linked with his flower-crowned chair.

A tender idyl of rare romance,
Brightened his life like gold ;
And blessings gave to other lives,
Gracious and manifold.
So pure were his daily ministries,
So lifted above the strife,
What marvel his home became a shrine,
And his death a glorious life ?

The lordliest spirits in all the land
Bowed low before his bier ;
And dusky forms, in their wordless grief,
For their tribute gave tear on tear.

He needs no marble of classic mold,
No praise from eloquent mouth :
Asleep, like the fabled breath of the rose,
He sweetens the heart of the South.

SONNET.

THE thistle-down soared up to meet the sun—
The wayside nursling of the summer shower—
A matchless purple tint its only dower,
That blanched to whiteness ere the day was done.
Though ceaselessly her web the spider spun
To hide the splendor of the day-god's power,
Yet, vainly still, the veiled and fettered flower—
The thistle-down—soared up to meet the sun.
The wind's wild playmate through the summer day
Soared to the sun it worshiped from afar;
The whiteness caught the glint of golden rays,
In triumph passed beyond a rainbow bar;
The wondering world looked on with words of
praise,
And lips inspired named the flower a star.

TO ONE AFAR.

BY M. R. M.

WHERE art thou? On the waters wide,
Where sweep the wild winds free?
And o'er the waves as thou dost glide,
Comes there a thought of me?
As o'er thy hushed and peaceful sleep
The watch-light faintly gleams,
Does that sweet thought of me still keep
Its place amid thy dreams?

Where art thou? By the blazing hearth,
Cheered by a chosen friend?
And in that light and sparkling mirth,
Say, does my image blend?
And when the loving ones depart,
Amid each farewell word,
Is there of me, within thy heart,
One fond remembrance stirred?

Where art thou? In the woodlands dim,
Where the sere leaves are shed,
As sadly droops each rustling limb,
Mourning the summer fled?

And in thy musings sad and lone,
Of all things fair and free,
That from the faded woods have gone,
Is there a thought of me?

Upon the wave, or by the hearth,
Or on the woodland hill,
May peace that cometh not of earth
All thy rapt spirit fill!
By day or night, in joy or grief,
Wherever thou may'st be,
As sunlight on the verdant leaf,
God's blessing rest on thee.

When light and careless thoughts depart,
Thy noble image gleams
Within my shut and silent heart—
Thy voice is in my dreams;
And when is past the calm, still night,
And gentle slumbers flee,
Still with the glorious morning light
There is a thought of thee.

PHILIP.

PHILIP, our kingly boy, is dead!—
Dead, in the freshness of the summer day;—
The lambs and butterflies are out at play
In the warm sunshine; golden-belted bees
Flit to and fro amid the blossoming trees;
And through the joyous day, and all night long,
The happy birds repeat their endless song.
And over all the blossom-broidered ground
The sweet, low laughter of the brooklets sound.
Only *our* harp of sweetest note is hushed;
Only *our* vase of rarest odors crushed.
The wingèd arrow to its bright mark sped,
The fairest light of the home-altar fled.
And, in the midst of joy and light,
The very day seems night :
Philip, our kingly boy, is dead !

Philip, our kingly boy, is dead!—
Our wee, bright blossom, shaken by a breeze,
Twice had we borne him over perilous seas;
But, like a fearless bird, and light of wing,
Amid the storm he learned to soar and sing :

Yet was his rest not with that "wild uproar"—
With violets crowned, he sleeps upon the shore.
Oh, golden jessamine! when day grows dim,
Swing silently thy censers over him;
Guard his sweet rest with happy things like these,
When we are far away on distant seas.
The daintiest jewel worn upon our heart,
Our *baby*—of our very life a part:
For him storms beat never more,
Bright bird nestled on the shore:—
Philip, our kingly boy, is dead!

MARCHING ORDERS.

TO COL. S. D. BRUCE, NEW YORK CITY.

MARCHING orders, at dead of night!

The soldier asleep on his armor lay;
Swift to his tent came the stern command,
"Marching orders for break of day!"

Marching orders! he questioned not,
The will of his Captain was law to him;
And the tents were struck, and the steeds led out,
Long ere the midnight stars grew dim!

And a gallant band rode fearlessly on,—
They had marching orders for break of day;
And the post of danger was reached and held,
And a victory won in the battle-fray.

Oh, the soldier's life is a brave, glad life,
And vowed alone to his country's call;
And the valor that safely her honor keeps,
He counteth the bravest deed of all!

Shall the soldier of Christ less loyal be
To the Savior, who died on the Cross for him?

And marching orders for break of day,
Not met ere the midnight stars grow dim ?

Shall the red gold rust in the coffers full,
And the soldier of Christ a recreant be,
While memories press on his inmost soul,
Of the garden lone, and the blood-stained tree ?

With a vigilant watch for the wily foe,
And a steady hand for the master's work ;
On his armor he sleeps at dead of night,
Waiting his orders in deserts murk.

Oh, the Christian's life is a brave, glad life,
And vowed alone to his Captain's call ;
And the service that saves a soul for Him,
He counteth the grandest deed of all.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE ROSE.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. RICHARD H. MENEFEE, OF KENTUCKY.

THE Nightingale sang, in the days of old,
To his lady-love, the Rose ;
When she blushed in primal loveliness,
In Eden's blest repose.

Thro' the silent hours of the starlit night
He poured his passionate lay ;
Nor ceased till the watching angels oped
The golden gates of day.

And still in Oriental lands
He warbles that olden strain ;
For time hath sought his faith to win
From the Queen of flowers in vain.

And still on the glow-worm's emerald heart
He feeds in those Eastern bowers ;
And pours the hoarded gems in song,
Thro' the still night's witching hours.

But he wears no more the gorgeous tints
He wore in that early day ;

And a moaning sound, like the exile's grief,
Pervades his trembling lay.

A pilgrim lover, in russet brown,
For her sweet sake he sings ;
With a pointed thorn in his pining heart,
All hidden beneath his wings.

Ah ! beautiful seemeth the night-bird's love,
For his flower, the glorious rose ;
As true in her dim and lonely lot
As in Eden's bright repose.

But truer the love I bear to thee,
And my nightly songs are wrought
From brighter gems than the glow-worm's heart,—
The jewels of deathless thought.

The Nightingale's love for the rose will die
With the fading light of time !
But mine for thee shall forever live
In a fair and genial clime.

A lovelier life shall then be thine
By heaven's unfailing springs ;
And the spirit that weaves this simple lay
Shall wear an angel's wings.

BELLE SNOWDEN.

DEDICATED TO MY SISTER, MRS. MARY CHRISTY MCABOY, OF
BELLEVUE, PENNSYLVANIA HIGHLANDS.

WHEN I shall sleep the sleep that knows no wak-
ing,

 Come thou, sweet love, beside my narrow bed ;
No hopeless sorrow, thy dear heart be breaking,
 Be filled with peace, with hope divine instead.

Of the syringa, break a bough in blossom—

 Its milk-white flowers I gathered oft for thee—
And softly strew on pallid brow and bosom

 Their dewy leaves, memorials sweet to me
Of that serenest summer-time and thee,

Belle Snowden.

Bereaved and sorrowful when first I met thee,

 Thy young life in its fresh and fragrant prime,
How could my heart for other friends forget thee,

 Thou whose bright beauty charmed that sum-
mer-time.

As the green ivy to the broken column,

 Did thy true-loving spirit cling to me ;
Too desolate my life had been, too solemn,

But for thy genial heart-light shining free
All that serenest summer-time for me,
Belle Snowden.

How for such stillness had my spirit panted,
As pants the stricken heart for hidden streams;
How oft have memories my spirit haunted,
Of thee and that blest home, in nightly dreams!
The evening song that gushed for very pleasure,
His deep-toned voice who chanted oft with thee,
While happy hearts beat time to that light measure!

We can not sing the song for tears, since he
No earthly summer-time again shall see,
Belle Snowden.

Still true to thee in waking hours or sleeping,
Tho' long my path from thine bath led apart,
Thy picture fair, all fairer for the keeping,
Lights the love chamber of my inmost heart.
I cannot tell if my poor faith shall falter,
As coming days bring bliss or woe to me,
I only feel no change of time can alter
The tender love my spirit owned for thee,
Till the eternal summer-time shall be,
Belle Snowden.

And when I sleep the sleep that knows no waking,

 Come thou sweet love beside my narrow bed ;

No hopeless sorrow thy dear heart be breaking,

 Be filled with peace, with hope divine instead.

Of the syringa break a bough in blossom—

 Its milk-white flowers I gathered oft for thee—

And softly strew on pallid brow and bosom

 Their dewy leaves, memorials sweet to me,

Of that serenest summer-time, and thee,

 Belle Snowden.

BRING ME MOSSES.

TO H. W. T.

OH! bring me mosses from the ORMSBY SPRING!
The old bright spring at Ormsby, cool and sweet;
The crystal waves have flashed about my feet,
When I was like a wild bird on the wing,
The mate of every free and fearless thing,
Fearless and free as they, and still more fleet,
Through storm and shine, our trysting place to
greet,
Where first I learned to find the "Faëry's Ring."
Oh! bring me mosses fair, that fringe the spring!
But for sweet Providence the crystal wave,
In childhood's happy day had been my grave!
A picture of that summer baptism bring,
And let the speckled pebbles small and fine,
Like braided gems upon the mosses shine!

LAMENT FOR THE WILLOW AT ORMSBY.

TO E. P. P.

WILLOW, by the water-courses never more thy
place shall be,
Thou art fallen ! Thou art shattered, oh ! my own
ancestral tree ;
Never more may song-birds nestle, chanting idyls
on thy boughs,
Never 'neath thy veiling tresses, human lovers
breathe their vows ;
Never with those beaming faces, never with those
glancing wings,
Shall thine image be reflected at the meeting of
the springs.
In the zenith of thy greenness, hath thy leafy
crown been cast,
Crushed and torn, with dust o'ersprinkled, in the
pathway of the blast.

Years ago, a gentle matron planted thee beside
the springs,
And the lapse of rippling waters lulled thee with
their murmurings ;

46 *Lament for the Willow at Ormsby.*

Thou wert nurst by shower and sunshine, and the
 silvery dew of night
Lay upon thy budding branches, till the dawn of
 morning light;
Bright eyes watched thy fine expansion, full of
 majesty and grace,
'Till thy lineaments grew precious as some sweet
 familiar face;
And thou seemed'st gladly conscious of our fond
 imaginings,
By the waving of 'thy tresses, beauteous guardian
 of the springs.

Oh! the spring-like days of winter, when I watched
 thy budding leaves,
Golden in their fair unfolding, as the autumn's
 garnered sheaves,
Fearing March, the stormy regent, might displace
 thy regal fringe,
Ere the sunny, changeling April touched it with
 an emerald tinge;
Oh! the dewy eves of summer, when I saw thy
 lingering light
Fade before the starry advent of the retinue of
 night,
Then I heard the silvery rustling of my guardian
 angel's wings—

Heard the tinkling fairy footfalls at the meeting
of the springs.
Still those moonlit rings are shining on the fragrant ivy leaves,
And each tiny sapphire chalice still the honey dew receives;
Still the cool, blue, rippling waters, mirror back
night's starry train,
But the hearts that loved their beauty, long beneath the turf have lain;
Eyes beloved are coldly sleeping, hands that clasped mine own are cold,
Voices breathing but to bless me, now lie silent in the mold;
Never more unchecked and joyous, as the bird on glancing wings,
Shall my image be reflected at the meeting of the springs.

I was crushed, as thou, O willow, in the tempest's angry strife,
All the bloom and green leaves shaken rudely from my frail young life;
In the tearful storm of sorrow, prostrate, stately tree, as thou,
Desolate, bereaved, and lonely, I am broken-hearted now;

48 *Lament for the Willow at Ormsby.*

And I wander by the waters, vainly seeking there
to trace

My sweet mother's gentle beauty, full of meek and
chastened grace,

And the joyous child beside her, with its gushing
laughter's tone,

But her loving eyes are darkened, they reflect my
face alone.

One who sought thy shade beside me, in the au-
tumn's purple eves,

When the regal forest offered holocaust of kindling
leaves,

Charily her heart unfolding, giving to her faucy
wings,

Quaintly crowning me a Naiad at the meeting of
the springs,

Greets me here, alas! no longer, sweeter bonds her
heart entwine,

Offerings bright, and pure, and priceless, glow
upon her household shrine;

Nay, ere yet the lay is woven, she is crowned by
angel hands,

By the ever-living fountains, 'neath the tree of life
she stands.

Fare thee well! Thy golden tresses never more
shall greet me here,

Never float above the bridal, never droop above
the bier;
Sunny rays, nor dews, nor showers, bring no wak-
ening charm for thee,
Thou art fallen! thou art shattered, oh! mine
own ancestral tree;
But a fairer life awaits me, far beyond the stars of
night,
Where fond friends are reunited, and the ran-
somed walk in white,
And my heart shall keep thy picture, when I wear
an angel's wings,
And my image is reflected in the everlasting
springs.

COMRADE, IS MY MOTHER COMING?

COMRADE, is my mother coming?

Look out through the window-pane;

Sure I heard her gentle footstep;

Was it but the falling rain?

Shall I die, before I meet her?

Lean down, comrade, tell me, pray,

Let me but a moment greet her,

And I gladly die to-day!

Comrade, do you love your mother?

Then you know how deep a joy

It would give mine—though I'm dying—

Could she see her soldier boy!

Could she see her stripling soldier—

I remember well that day:

“He is but a stripling soldier!”

Through her tears, I heard her say.

But she bade me serve my country,

Though she knew how hard 't would be

In the camp and on the marches,

For the Old Flag of the Free!

“For the Old Flag, boy, remember,
If our flag we fail to save,
And our country is dissevered—
Better fill a soldier’s grave!!”

And if I could only tell her
How I bravely bore my part,
Though I am a stripling soldier,
Comrade, it would cheer her heart!
Lift me in your arms,—and—hold me,—
Sure I am, my mother comes!
Comrade,—how my breath is going,—
Do I hear the fife and drums?

Will they bury me to-morrow,
As they buried one to-day?
Will my mother stand beside me?
Lean down closer, comrade, say,—
Do you think they told my mother?
It would give her such deep joy,
Only once—although I’m dying—
Could she see her soldier boy!

Lift me, comrade,—closer hold me,—
Surely she will come—to-day—
Tell me,—is my mother coming?—
Look—and—tell me—comrade, say?—
For the pangs of death grow stronger,

And my life-blood ebbs away.
I can wait for her no longer!—
Will my mother come to-day?

Soldiers, he is dead! O gently
Bear him to his soldier rest;
With your arms reversed beside him,
And the Old Flag on his breast!
Patriot manhood, battling bravely
Fatal factions to destroy,
Gives no more to our dear country
Than this stripling soldier boy!

PAST AND FUTURE.

I do bethink me of a time,
A day of desperate sorrow,
When none, with gratulation sweet,
Said unto me, "Good morrow;"
For pleasure from my threshold dark
Had silently departed;
And like a stricken deer I lay,
Bereaved and broken-hearted.

And gentle friends around me knelt,
In tearful prayer bent o'er me,
Beseeching God to light the waste,
The desert waste before me.
With sable coif my tresses hid,
With sables robed me, weeping,
For underneath the coffin lid
My idol love lay sleeping.

I do bethink me of a time,
A day unmarred by sorrow,
When saints, with gratulation sweet,
Shall say to me, "Good morrow!"

When friends, the trusted and the true,
With words of love shall greet me ;
And angels from their shining haunts
Shall hasten forth to meet me.

And one, who loved me unto death,
Shall robe my form with whiteness,
And crown me with a fadeless crown
Of pure celestial brightness.
His hand shall wipe my tears away,
My soul from grief shall sever,
And wake in my exultant heart
Fresh springs of bliss forever.

CONTENT.

TO MRS. CATHARINE WARFIELD, A KENTUCKY POETESS.

AM I content? Ask angels in the splendor
Of Heaven's empyreal light, if they are blest ;—
Ask crownèd saints if aught can mar the rest
Of the rapt soul, if God's sweet love defend her,
The same reply my lips would gladly render,
Toss'd on the turbulent sea of life's unrest ;—
As they are, so am I, divinely blest.

Calm is the soul, if God's sweet love defend her!
"Peace I leave with ye ; peace I give to ye,"
Spake Jesus tenderly, ere he departed,
Leaving his poor disciples broken-hearted ;
"Not as the world gives," flows this peace from me.
Lit from a living light, eternally the same,
The darkened crush of worlds can never crush the
flame.

I am content,—such tides of joy are meeting,
Filling with endless freshness heart and brain ;
I scarce can hear my sorrow's low refrain,
In the deep flow of their exultant greeting.
Christ sits in Heaven, my home of bliss completing,

However dark, he knows the way I take ;
And bears the weight of care for my poor sake,
 Until at last I hear his welcome greeting.

I am content,—for deepening day by day,
Tints that at first were faint, subdued, and tender,
Brightening and brightening with the eternal
 splendor,

Light up with glory all my desert way.
Caught from a living light, eternally the same,
The darkened crush of worlds can never crush the
 flame.

SERENADE.

THE Minstrel sang in the Orient land
Of the zephyr's balmy sigh,
And the flowers that gorgeously expand
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
But I, as I wander, wake a song,
To the glad rejoicing rain,
That patters and pours and sweeps along,
Till the old woods ring again ;
To the stormy dash and the diamond flash
Of the bright, resounding rain !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the royal rain,
With its wild and gleesome shout,
As over valley and hill and plain
It idly roams about,
Wooring each spring and gushing rill
With myriad, musical words,
Sweeter than all the songs that fill
The haunts of the forest birds,
Ah ! sweeter than every sound of earth,
Those myriad, musical words.

Sweet was the minstrel's antique strain,
Of green and starlit bowers,
But sweeter the sound of the gentle rain,
That wakens the sleeping flowers,
That freshens each mossy, shaded bank,
Where the leaves are springing up,
And fills with nectar the woodland tank
For the fairies' acorn cup,
The bright rejoicing rain that falls,
Where the flowers are springing up.

Ah! maiden, wake from thy drowsy dreams.
Dost hear the rippling rain?
List to its myriad, musical themes,
As it sweeps across the plain;
It brings a song for the silent streams,
A blush for the folded flowers,
And whispers low, of the sunny beams,
That follow the genial showers.
Then waken, oh! waken, maiden fair,
Awake with the dreaming flowers.

SONNET.

THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.—*Bible.*

“THOUGH He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!”
A wounded hand the chalice holds for me,
Wounded, for my poor sake, on Calvary;
And His undying love doth gem the rim,
So lovingly my lips shall meet the brim;
As he alone, in sad Gethsemane,
Drained to the dregs the bitterest cup for me,
So patiently I drain the cup for Him.
Savior, as the commissioned angel came,
And strengthened Thee, in Thy lone agony,
In my dark night of sorrow strengthen me,
Lest I should cast reproach on Thy dear name.
Death failed His tender love for me to dim—
“Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

GOD SPEED THEE TO HEAVEN TO-DAY.

TO HON. JOHN ROOTES THORNTON.

"Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—*Bible.*

GOD speed thee to Heaven to-day !
To the beautiful home of the blest ;
God give for the toils of thy way
The balm of His infinite rest !
With kisses I cover thy face,
With caresses I cling to thy form ;
Yet go to the gladness and grace
Of the sunshine above the dark storm !

The angels are near thee ; they sing,
"Alleluia !" I echo their strains
To the praise of our Savior and King—
The Lord God Omnipotent reigns !
Thou hast kept his commands, lo ! thy "right"
In thy glorious freedom from sin ;
Through the gates to the city's fair height,
Thou, beloved of the Lord, "enter in !"

We believe that the saints are still near,
In their ministry, walking in white ;
So I bid thee farewell without fear—
Thou hast said, “I will keep thee in sight!”
Thy Beulah, thy sweet home of rest,
With the tears and the silence be mine ;
At the King’s marriage supper a guest,
Be the pleasures of Paradise thine !

THE HEART'S UNWRITTEN POETRY.

TO PAULINE GREGORY.

THE heart's unwritten poetry,—
How beautiful it lies,
Upon the flowery crimson cheek,
Within the humid eyes.
It is the music by the hearth,
The sunlight in the hall,
Of winsome, wordless witcheries,
That kindred hearts enthrall.

The heart's unwritten poetry,—
Young children on the lawn,
Ring out the untaught minstrelsy,
In freshness like the dawn.
Sweet sounds that sprinkle diamond dust,
Upon the wings of Time,
While lightsome feet wild measure keep,
Unto the inward rhyme.

The heart's unwritten poetry,—
Brighter than sunbeam's fall,
Is the fair effluence of its light,
Within the princely hall.

The peasant where the wild vines climb,
Beside his cottage door,
Upon the sun-burnt baby face,
Doth con the unwritten lore.

The heart's unwritten poetry,—
Where stands the foe at bay,
And gallant hearts lead on the charge,
Thro' all the bloody fray;
From serried hosts, from plumed ranks,
Amid the clash of steel,
Grandly for God, and for the right,
What noble lyric's peal!

The heart's unwritten poetry,—
To guard from fire or wreck,
As watchfully the sailor treads
Upon the lonely deck.
A tenderer, fonder utterance,
Of sweetheart and of home,
Falls from his trembling lips than yet,
Hath gemmed the clasped tone.

The heart's unwritten poetry,—
The hand doth vainly dare
To sketch its angel blessedness,
Its passionate despair.

Art's most resplendent tints are poor,
To paint the dew of youth ;
The hearts heroic martyr-faith,
The soul's unsullied truth.

The heart's nnwritten poetry,—
More beautiful by far ;
It beameth in the dying eye,
Than light of sun or star.
It doth illuminate the face,
Make eloquent the hand,
By glorious, unuttered signs,
Of heaven's immortal land.

The heart's unwritten poetry,—
O lyre of changeful tone,
Giving unto the ear of God,
Thy sweetest notes alone ;
Still shall thy numbers float and flow,
Sparkling from age to age ;
But the Omniscient eye alone,
Shall scan thy fairest page.

THE REDBIRD'S SONG.

UPON a branch of my acacia tree,
The milk-white blossoms flushing to the glow
Of morning, swinging like censers to and fro,
A redbird perched in a glad ecstasy,
Fronting the sun, and sang so loud and free,
My heart was fain to echo soft and low,
Thank God! thank God, for this fair sunrise glow!
His clearer praises seemed to silence me;
His glad exultant call, "What cheer! what
cheer!"

And his sweet instant answer, "Joy! joy! joy!"
As if in fear that my base earth alloy
Might dim the luster of his song so clear!
Yet since that day, in reverential fear,
My heart repeats his song, "What cheer!" "Joy!
joy!"

THE SONNET.

To T. T. O.

How do I weave the sonnet small and rare?
Ask of the spider how her web she weaves,
Lacing, and interlacing thro' the leaves—
By what sweet art she spins the tissue fair;
Ask of the swallow, when the woods are bare,
And reapers gather in the golden sheaves,
How he doth find the way his swift wing cleaves,
Seeking in tropic climes for haunts more fair;
Ask the small belted bee, his charm most rare,
To gather honey from the rose's heart;
Ask the wild bird to tell her mystic art,
By which she wreathes her nest with grasses fair.
Not more may these mute, wild things answer thee
Than I, of instincts God hath given to me.

DEAD FLOWERS.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF GEO. D. PRENTICE.

"THESE flowers my sweetheart gave me—she is dead."

Thus reads the record of this time-worn paper,
Of life that flashed and faded like a taper,
The dewy freshness and the sunny glow
That filled a maiden heart one hundred years ago.
A beautiful young life, like leaf untimely shed—
These flowers my sweetheart gave me—she is dead.

The slender stems, bound by a silken string,
Are still unbroken as they first were braided,
The fragile petals scarce more faintly shaded
Than when they blushed in all their fair completeness,
And subtly still they yield a marvelous sweetness.

O pale, dumb flowers, could ye breathe the history
Of her whose small white hands clasped your frail stems,
While fresh dews crowned ye like diadems,
Of fond love veiled in such tender mystery!

Waken once more, oh, delicate azure bell,
Open thy drooping, drowsy lids once more and tell
Of the bright, tremulous play of the red lips,
Of eyes that blue-veined lids hid in a shy eclipse.

Waken and tell, oh, starry crimson flower,
Of lightsome steps threading the forest glade,
Hunting your elfin beauty in the shade,

Young nursling of the genial sun and shower.
Small golden drops, trembling in my slight grasp-
ing,

Circled with leaves like emeralds all ablaze,
Caught ye that day the sunshine's change-
ful rays,

In sensitive joy her snowy bodice clasping?

Where were ye culled, oh, daintiest milk-white
bells,

When wild bees kissed your fragrant breath away,
And the fleet-footed deer, bearing his death-
wound, lay

Mute, where ye fringed the cool, deep forest
wells,

Crushing in unshared agony your honeyed cells?
And did ye flowers, like pearls in whiteness rare,
Wreath the long tresses of her ebon hair?

Whisper, give back the sounds, the scents, the
glow

Of glorious summer life one hundred years ago!
Tell where the fragrant greensward, dark and deep,

Hath heavily pressed, unshorn, above her sleep ;
How long after she slept in earth's dark mold
On the white folded arms glittered the crusted
gold ;

The helpless, upward clasping of the rosy palms,
That gathered from your leaves ambrosial balms ;
And did they deck her robes, and crown her head
With your sweet forest mates, when she was dead ?
Oh, pale, dumb flowers, your mournful record
keeping,

Waken no more sad thoughts of her lone sleeping !
Of the betrothal, mystical, magical flowers,
Of which ye were the type in those bright summer
hours.

Ye shut the vision out, the sounds, the scents, the
glow

Of that sweet summer morn, one hundred years ago.
I only see the footpath worn through forest glades
Down to the place of sepulture in deepest shades,
Where, year by year, her buried grace and youth
Were crowned with tender constancy and loyal
truth ;

I only gather from the sweetness of your breath
The sorrowful history of life and love and death,
And tearfully ask, Who for my sake will keep
Memorials sweet like these when I shall sleep ?

THANKSGIVING.

DEDICATED TO THE "HERALD AND PRESBYTER."

"Serve the Lord with gladness : come before his presence with singing." "Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee." "Thus will I bless thee while I live." "And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips."—
PSALMS OF DAVID.

SERVE the Lord with gladness !
All our tribute bring,
Heart and voice accordant
With each quivering string.

Dulcimer and psaltery,
Harp and timbrel bring ;
All the loving-kindness
Of our God we sing.

Praise our God ! sing praises
For existence sweet ;
Sing, for praise is pleasant,
And an offering meet.

Praise for light of morning,
For its breath of balm ;

Praise for shade of evening,
For its holy calm.

Praise for noontide golden,
When the sun's bright rays
Crown the earth with gladness,
For her Maker's praise.

Praise for night's deep silence ;
For the light of stars ;
For the moon's white shining
Through her cloudy bars.

Praise for sound of waters ;
Praise for song of birds ;
Praise for tender grasses ;
Praise for sweet-breathed herds.

Praise for summer flowers ;
Praise for summer rain ;
Praise for summer fruitage ;
Praise for ripened grain.

Praise for precious pardon,
Through his wondrous love,
Making earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Praise for light and darkness ;
Praise for gain and loss ;
Praise—if counted worthy—
We may bear his cross !

He is our Creator !
He our God and Lord ;
He is our Redeemer,
Be his name adored !

Serve our God with gladness !
Take a psalm, and bring
Joy and praise accordant,
With each quivering string !

COURTLAND PRENTICE.

AH! Courtland Prentice! Like a rippling measure
Of falling waters, sounds thy name to me;
Retinting pictures rare, of summer pleasure,
Bright haunts of singing bird and humming bee.

All that is rare and classic, curious places,
That art hath made divine, or nature claims,
Draped with her fair, occult, enchanting graces,
All romance clinging to historic names;

Snatches of song, caught from the bard's rapt vision,
With deeds of gallant daring, wild and free,
Half of the earth, and half of the elysian,
My tenderest memories, are linked with thee.

Ah, me! to know that thou wert faint and bleeding,
The crimson tide staining thy pallid lips;
Unto love's passionate appeal unheeding,
Thy glorious eyes darkening in death's eclipse!

To know thee dead! Thou, like an eagle soaring,
Unto empyreal founts of love and light;
Exultantly all hidden haunts exploring,
Thou wast for this dark fate too brave, too bright.

Not dead ! not dead ! oh ! be the word unspoken ;
Proud spirit of the morn, alas for thee :
Would God thy blossomed beauty were unbroken,
Left for ripe fruit on thine ancestral tree.

Would God the Stars and Stripes had waved above
thee,
Thy star of worship on the battle plain ;
Yet not the less my heart shall mourn and love
thee,—
I only know Kentucky's son is slain !

God send sweet comfort to thy gentle mother,
And the young brother who doth share thy
name ;
A Nation seeks thy father's grief to smother ;
Its tear-drops gem his laureled crown of fame.

Upon thy name, my tears drop fast and faster,
They mingle with that fatal crimson tide ;
My heart faints for that pitiless disaster,
My only utterance, " Would he had not died."

Ah ! Courtland Prentice, other hearts may hold thee
Lightly or sadly, as their love may be ;
Until the deep death-silence shall enfold me,
My heart's full chords shall thrill with grief for
thee.

NOVEMBER IN KENTUCKY.

HAIL, fairest month! Who called thee dull and
cold?

They have not seen thee in my own sweet land,
With the resplendence of the bright midsummer,
With all the freshness of the early spring.
They have not seen the red November sun,
Like a great ruby, grandly set beneath
Thy blue hills, Licking! Have not seen her moon,
Like a pearl shallop, float through purple depths,
While in meadows of ethereal roses,
Hesperus led his shining flock of stars!
O saintly Indian summer! Nature's Sabbath!
The golden light that fills this forest old,
And flecks these russet trunks and kindling leaves,
Is like the golden light we see in dreams,
And wakes a thought of that eternal temple,
Where they shall need earth sunshine never more.
Thy breath is sweeter than "Sabeian odors;"
The rich flowers thou claspest in thy hands
Wear the perfumes and the tints of Eden.
Thy amethystine kirtle, softly blown,
In gentle dalliance, by the sweet south wind,
Is looped with gentian buds, of tenderest blue.

And wheresoe'er thy charmed footsteps pass,
The helianthus opes her golden eye,
And turns to meet the glances of the sun.
Regal trees, kings of a century's growth,
Scatter their gorgeous robes on common earth,
For thy light footsteps; as a knight of old
Doffed his gemmed mantle for the maiden queen.
Clearly now, the cool, blue, tranquil waters
Do mirror this fair light, thy floating robes,
The beauty of the white-limbed sycamores,
And thy resplendent skies, purple and gold!
The mosses in the dells do take a tinge
Of vernal green from thy pervading presence.
The sprouting grasses, and the tender herbs
Are fresh and fragrant, where the cattle graze;
Thou hast thy own bright train of singing birds,
And radiant insects glancing in the sun.
On the brown trunk of this old apple tree
They shine like gems; among the bending boughs,
Laden with rosy fruitage, I can hear
The murmurous hum of bees; in the grass
Beneath, chirpeth the cricket cheerily;
And where the golden-hearted daisies wave,
Enameled butterflies flit to and fro.
These sounds and sights so beautiful, thou bring'st
To all. Me, thou showest a fair picture,
Unseen by any other eyes, save mine—
A beautiful young child, of two sweet summers,

The winsome playmate of my infant years.
I do remember well the day she died ;
It is the first clear memory of my life,
I being then only in my fifth year.
When the nurse held me in her arms, to see
The dear, dead face, I said, " She is asleep !"
Death wore a semblance then so beautiful.
The sweet south sighed faintly through the lattice ;
The mocking-bird's bright mate, the sweet-brier,
Crept in to touch her cheek. I saw thee then ;
Thy purple robes were floating on the breeze,
And thy sweet breath perfumed these grand old
woods,
When I first knew thee, loved Indian summer !
And ever hath she lain upon my heart,
Through silent years, our lost cradle darling.
Spotless are her delicate robes of snow,
By soft winds blown away from the small feet.
Upon her breast, like unto nestling doves,
The tiny dimpled hands cross-folded lie.
Upon the dainty bloom of her young cheek
The earth-worm hath not rioted. And still
On the low brow cluster the rings of gold.
Still doth she sleep ; thou dost not waken her :
Yet to her lip a dewy sweetness clings ;
And underneath the broad and fringed lid
I discern a glimmering of sweet light.
So, come thou still to beautify the earth,

With thy deep purple skies, like blossomed heath;
Fairer than honeyed May, with roses crowned;
Sweeter than April, bright with rainbow showers;
In her fair arms birdlings and violets!
So come, when from the pleasant haunts of men
My memory shall long have passed away;
And by the love that I have borne to thee,
When thou and I in this Arcadia dwelt,
Fleck my low, grassy couch with drops of gold;
Whisper to me, with thy sweet, subtle airs;
And from gentian flowers, that loop thy kirtle,
Strew thou on me buds of tenderest blue.

HAIL TO THE OBERON.

DEDICATED TO A BEVY OF BOURBON GIRLS.

HAIL to the Oberon! Fairy craft!
Lavender streamers floating aft!

Spider-web awnings fine and fair,
Dimpling and crimpling to kiss the air.

Crystal waves flash white before,
In the path to the old Arcadian shore.

A fire-fly perched on the prow for light
Will guide the bark at the dead of night.

Deftly spread on deck for good luck
Is blue-grass matting from "Old Kentuck."

And a grasshopper grave, with wond'rous eyes,
Is the sentinel guard against surprise.

Who sails the Oberon? Bourbon girls,
Sweet as roses and fair as pearls!

They speed to the Isles of old Romance,
To find the ring where the Fairies dance.

Freight they have gathered of precious things,
Humming-birds' claws and butterflies' wings ;

Nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains,
And shells for dishes, with Tyrian stains ;

And opal bottles, slender and fine,
To hold the elder-flower wine ;

And acorn cups of brownest sheen,
To drink the health of the Fairy Queen.

Never were rowers so fair to see
As the rowers who row o'er that crystal sea.

Never a bark such freightage bore
As they bear to the old Arcadian shore.

Would they might take me on board to-day,
Lest the Elfin craft might sail astray.

I was a pilot long ago,
Down where the Elfin rivers flow ;

And straight to the court of the Fairy King
I have steered the craft and found the ring.

O, fleet rowers, Bourbon girls,
Rare as roses, and pure as pearls,

Take me on board where the spider weaves,
And give me a hammock of poppy leaves;

And let me swing while the rowers row
To the Elfin Isles of Long Ago,

And straight to the court of the Fairy King
I will steer the bark, and find the ring.

THREE PICTURES.

DEDICATED TO DR. A. E. JONES, OF CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FROM blue-grass meadows down to Belle Rivière,
A swift, bright journey thro' the autumn rain,
The Licking river singing a refrain,
And tiny brooklets dropping tear on tear,
For woodlands bare that wail the dying year.
The lithe young oaks blaze out beside the way
Like scarlet torches—as old legends say—
When none may breathe the words of tender cheer,
They light the lonely pathway for the dead !
Like summer, Licking river's low refrain,
Like summer sounds, the sobbing autumn rain ;
I reckon not if the " kindling leaves " are shed ;
In the blue distance all the old regrets
Are sweet to me as April violets !

An " upper chamber " decked by maiden hands,
The golden autumn sunshine drapes the wall,
Near the broad window sparrows flit and call
In salutations brought from foreign lands.
Yet fettered fast by fever's fiery bands,

I list a ringing step upon the stair—
They press upon my lips elixirs rare,
And lave with tender touch my restless hands.
And then: the man of God with reverent speech
Bestows the consecrated bread and wine—
“For the remission of thy sins a sign
Of suffering thy trembling heart to teach.”
And, as my Lord upon the Cross was slain,
So I accept the ministry of Pain.

Unbound and free, rested from head to feet,
Of all glad sights and sounds I drink my fill,
And all my heart's fine fibers wake and thrill,
To Clerodendron blossoms white and sweet;
The Indian summer comes with footstep fleet,
In robes of amber and of amethyst,
By winds as sweet as winds of summer kiss'd,
And lulls me to an ecstasy complete.
And now the moon goes sailing up the sky,
A shy, white moon, guarded by watchful stars,
She sails close-veiled and crossed by fleecy bars
That shut her in the concave blue and high,
Until the dawn, when golden as the sun,
Her crowning with the “aërial rose” is won!

NOT FAR FROM HOME.

SUGGESTED BY A SERMON FROM REV. E. P. HUMPHREY, D. D.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

WILDLY the winds their wailing sent,
Swiftly the circling snow-flakes fell,
While with the watch-dog's bark was blent
The rushing torrent's gathering swell ;
And through the dim and shrouding night
The cotter hastes to cross its foam ;
He almost hails the beacon light,—
Yet dies, and dies not far from home.

The weary one from foreign land,
Seeking the charmer health in vain,
Hasteth to where the household band
May soothe with love the parting pain ;
And while the sun's resplendent fires
Glitter across the ocean's foam,
She sees her native city's spires,—
Yet dies, and dies not far from home.

The prodigal, who long hath been
A wanderer from his father's hearth,
Pines for each dear, familiar scene
That sanctifies his place of birth ;

Across the deep and treacherous seas
He comes, from peace no more to roam ;
He hails the fresh and scented breeze,—
Yet dies, and dies not far from home.

And so the soul, that long hath striven
Against each stern and warning word
By which the still, small voice from heaven
Often the inmost heart hath stirred—
Can almost see the angel band,—
Upon his ear their anthems come,—
Earth touches with defiling hand,—
He dies, and dies not far from home.

IN THE STILL EASTER-EVEN.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. EDWARD O. FOTHERGILL

"Worth shall look purer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them."

THOMAS MOORE.

SOFTLY—speak softly, the fair April sky
Is flecked with white clouds, sailing out to the
West ;
He is sleeping—his comrades have whispered
good-bye ;
Red and white April flowers are heaped on his
breast ;
In the still Easter-even they bade him good-bye !

Bravely he lived, a true Knight of the Cross,
Signed with the sign of his crucified Lord ;
Through death and the grave he shall suffer no
loss,
For his deeds, with his faith, were in fullest ac-
cord ;
The faith that gives entrance to life through the
Cross.

Hearts that have loved him are filled with regret ;
What soldier as loyal shall stand in his place
When his name shall be called where his comrades
are met,
And reply " He lies dead in his beauty and grace,
But his true stainless life we can never forget ? "

Lives like his are held priceless, they freshen the
sod,
They brighten the pathway that leads to the
grave ;
Give hope when the stricken " pass under the rod,"
With the one gift of healing the desolate crave,
They are stamped with the grandeur and glory
of God.

KENTUCKIENNE.

TO MISS SARAH SHANKS, OF NEW YORK.

KENTUCKIENNE, Kentuckienne,
The sweet name lingers on the lip,
As fine and subtle as the dew,
That bees from hearts of roses sip.

Sometimes alone in dreamy mood,
Almost unconsciously, my pen
Traces as I would trace a flower,
In tender lines, Kentuckienne.

And stronger grows the nameless charm ;—
Were I an artist I would paint
The face I fancy pure and still,
With golden halo like a saint.

Were I a poet I would write
Her heart's fair history, and then,—
Tear the light leaves and say, ah ! me,—
Not worthy of Kentuckienne !

The secret charm is in the name,
Kentucky, our sweet mother land,

And so alike her fame is ours,
From ocean strand to ocean strand.

Were we not nurtured on her soil?
She holds our dead within her heart:
From things we treasure not,—our home
And native land are shrined apart.

In a fair country, far away,
Shall I not greet Kentuckienne?
Our names indelibly engraved
By the Recording Angel's pen?

And there our hands, with lovelinks filled,
We shall remember that on earth,
On old Kentucky's storied soil,
We had our matchless place of birth.

A FENNEL LEAF.

TO FLORENCE.

A FRAIL, fair, feathery fennel leaf,
Linked with the sumac red,
And you say, "Ah, would that my loving gift
Might be summer flowers instead!"

And yet no graceful gift of flowers
From palace gardens rare,
Could ever bring to my inward sight
A vision half so fair!

You see in my hand but a slender leaf,
Linked with the sumac red:
I look on a garden flushed with bloom,
And of long-lost friends instead!

Fair women grouped in the sunset walk,
And men with their proud heads bare,
And happy children that cling to robes
In their texture passing fair.

Clear as an emerald the fennel stalk,
With its sweetness the air besprent!

While happy laughter of happy friends
With the breath of the flower is blent.

And I, but a shy and dreaming girl,
From the bright throng stand apart,
While a wish like a blossom tints and warms
My eager, expectant heart.

A wish unbidden, and still and sweet,
Yet like a torrent strong,
That away all other ambition sweeps,
For the glorious gift of song.

And I say of coming days—how sweet
If, in the sunset walk,
Some blossomed thought of mine be blent
With laughter and happy talk!

O fair young artist, your fairy hand
Restores me the picture fair;
The friends long lost, and the flowers sweet breath
Once more in the summer air!

And the eager wish of the dreaming girl
Is still as sweet and strong;
For sorrow has swept all else away,
Save the glorious gift of song.

PEACE, SHE SLEEPS AT LAST.

TO C. E. BABE, D.D.

PEACE! she sleeps at last,
The fitful dream of life is ended,
Death is with the past,—
Brightly hath her soul ascended.
Dark the waves, but winged angels waft her o'er,
Vainly we deplore; time will ne'er restore,
Softly now her white feet press the shining shore,
Blessed now forever more.
Peace! she sleeps at last,
The fitful dream of life is ended;
Death is with the past,
Brightly hath her soul ascended.
All her grief is stilled,
The weary watch, the faint endeavor;
All her hopes fulfilled,
Perfect joy is won forever.
Ah! tho' broken be the golden bowl to-day,
Hence, with tears away, dim not the beauteous
clay;
Tho' on earth the silver cord be loosed for aye,
The spirit wakes in endless day.

All her grief is stilled,
The weary watch, the faint endeavor ;
All her hopes fulfilled,
Perfect joy is won forever.

Crowned with light above,
Where no tender ties are breaking ;
In the land of love,
Seraphs are her welcome waking.
Now her lips have caught that glorious anthem
swell,
Sweeter far it fell than mortal words may tell ;
Angels, in the home of beauty, where ye dwell,
Guard what we have loved so well !
Crowned with light above,
Where no tender ties are breaking ;
In the land of love,
Seraphs are her welcome waking.

SONNET.

TO MRS. MARTHA BECKNER MCKEE.

“Go thou to Cherith,” rang the clear command,
While I sat drinking balm from summer flowers,
The moonlight tessellating all my bowers,
And waves of moonlight flooding all the land.
I turned, and lo! the nail-prints in his hand!
“To Cherith! Hide thyself beside the brook,
And drink thereof;”—I met his steadfast look,
And, trembling, laid my face upon his hand.
“Ravens shall bring thee meat at my command.”
Then I arose, and ran with quick accord,
According to the good word of the Lord,
And looked not back upon the pleasant land;
And since that time, Cherith has been to me
All light, and bloom, and summer ecstasy!

THE PRESIDENT—DEAD AT ELBERON.

"**TRUST** ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."—Bible: 26th chap. Isaiah, 4th verse.

FOR the President—dead at Elberon,
A million hearts are crushed as one!
The wires flash out at dead of night
The tidings: and lowered at morning light
The flag of the Nation, on land and sea,
And the world cries out in sympathy!
The old sea thunders along the beach
With a power no mortal tongue may teach;
"God is the strength of Church and State;
Fear Him, for only God is Great!"
While the tide of sorrow goes surging on
For the President, dead at Elberon!

O pines of the North, bend low—bend low,
For a Nation stricken in wordless woe;
For the old flag draped and lowered half-mast,
And hopes that fall like leaves in the blast;
For the last lone watch, so vain, so vain,
Only the tears that fall like rain.
But the old sea thunders along the beach
With a power no mortal tongue may teach,
From the unseen depths to the snow-crowned crest,
Obedient in storm or in sunshine rest;

Yet the tide of sorrow goes surging on,
For the President, dead at Elberon.

O palms of the South, bend low—bend low,
For the aged mother he revered so;
For the wife in her heart of loyal truth,
Who weeps for the lover of her youth;
For the children who pine for his fond caress—
To-day they are lonely and fatherless;
And the brave old friends who stood by his side
When war stained the land with its crimson tide;
While the great Northwest in its boundless sweep,
A guard for his silent rest shall keep.
And the old sea thunders along the beach
With a power no mortal tongue may teach.

For the President—dead at Elberon,
The tide of sorrow goes surging on!
As once for the martyred Lincoln swept
A sea of tears, from a world that wept!
The White House chambers are dim and lone,
While deft hands fashion the burial stone,
To tell, as the years go on and on,
Of the President—dead at Elberon!
And the old sea thunders along the beach
With a power no mortal tongue may teach.
“God is the strength of Church and State,
Trust Him, for only God is Great.”

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

WELCOME New Year! Give me thy clasping hand;
While underneath this temple dome, star-crowned,
We muse upon the Old Year's death together,
And gather ripe experience from the past.
For twelve sweet moons perchance we shall be
 friends,
Thou showing me the beauty of the seasons,
The regal garniture of vale and hill;
The glow of setting suns; the rosy dawn:
Fair pictures tinted by our Father's touch,
And flowers, fresh gifts from our Father's hand.
And thou wilt fill my ear with charmed sounds
Of laughing waters, and of singing winds,
And clear-voiced birds that chant their summer
 idyls;
The tinkling rain drops, and the deep-toned thun-
 der,
That wakes the full heart like the voice of God!
And I must walk with thee serene and true,
Giving for all thy lavish gifts to me
The pure endeavor of an earnest heart,
That stamps minutest work with lofty purpose,
Transmuting all the sands of time to gold.

For twelve sweet moons perchance we shall be
friends,

For I may first come to the sepulcher;

And if so be that I shall pass away

Before thy days of light and bloom are ended,—

May I depart like thy resplendent sun,

That fairer shines, as he doth near his setting;

And like thy streams that spring rejoicing forth,

To mingle with the bright and boundless ocean.

A SONG FOR THE OLD YEAR.

A PÆAN for the grandest of the years!
A pæan for the goldenest of years!—
The “Star of all the Goodlie Companie”—
The year that never had its peer in song!
The dark year, heralded by storm and tears,
And the wild surging of an angry sea;
The bright year, parting like the setting sun,
Flushed with the gathered grandeur of his way;
The hushed sea, lapsing in the sunny light,
The dark shore bright with wealth of gathered
 pearls,
Washed to their whiteness by the waves of strife.
The solemn year, baptized by blood and fire;
The stricken year, scarred by the conflict dire,
Yet girdled by the golden ring of peace!—
So fairest day is born from darkest night;
From deepest sorrow springs the purest joy;
“Tears make the harvest of the heart to grow;”
And the red gold, that holds no base alloy,
Is tested in the fierce flame’s hottest glow.

A pæan for the goldenest of years!
The nations of the earth do chant for him;

The islands of the sea lift up their voice,
And, immemorial echoes, wild and sweet,
Shall iterate and reiterate his name.
Embalm him only in his golden light,
In his own light, oh centuries august!
Crowned with the gathered rainbows of the storm
He passeth out into the light of God.

FAIR LIKE A FLOWER, AND SHINING
LIKE A STAR.

TO LEILA CUNNINGHAM, GLEN ECHO, PARIS, KENTUCKY.

SURROUNDED by a thronging multitude,
My heart's fine fibers felt the dissonance,
And quivered with a weariness intense,
For some still, shaded moss-grown solitude,
Where never harsher voices might intrude,
Than tender winds, that summer balms dispense,
From summer flowers, that charm the inner
 sense,
Or wild bird crooning to her sylvan brood,
Or if I might but see thy soul-lit face :
When lo ! at once, expectant, from afar,
Fair like a flower, and shining like a star,
I saw thee, matchless, in thy maiden grace ;
Nor knew thy smile of trembling ecstasy
Its sweetness gathered from a thought of me.

SONNET.

TO HON. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, PARIS, KY.

PEACE to thy silent, sleeping, faithful friend :
Green grasses, brightly nursed by sun and
showers,
Curtain thy couch through all the coming hours ;
And singing birds their happy anthems blend,
For joy that thou hast reached thy journey's end ;
Serene and fearless, cheered by unseen powers,
Clear to thy vision, dark, alas, to ours.
Dim with regretful tears, oh sainted friend !
"Loving his own, he loved them to the end ;"
Infinite words of blessing : it was meet.
Waiting in meekness at the Master's feet,
That they should light and crown thy journey's
end.
No more we seek to know : "The pure in heart"
Alone "see God," and where He is thou art.

BLANCHE.

ANGEL wardens! Ye who stand at the pearl
portal,

Saw ye Blanche when she became immortal?

Doth she walk where living waters flow?

Whisper, angels, whisper soft and low,

Tell with what a shining band,

Far in the blessed land,

Blanche, the earth-born, doth abide;

Who walketh nearest at her side?

Who loveth her as we have loved her here?

Who charmeth her sweet heart with words of
cheer?

How wooed and won ye so her maiden brightness?

Whisper, angels, whisper soft and low,

Tell with what shining band,

Far in the blessed land,

Blanche, the earth-born, doth abide,

Who walketh nearest at her side,

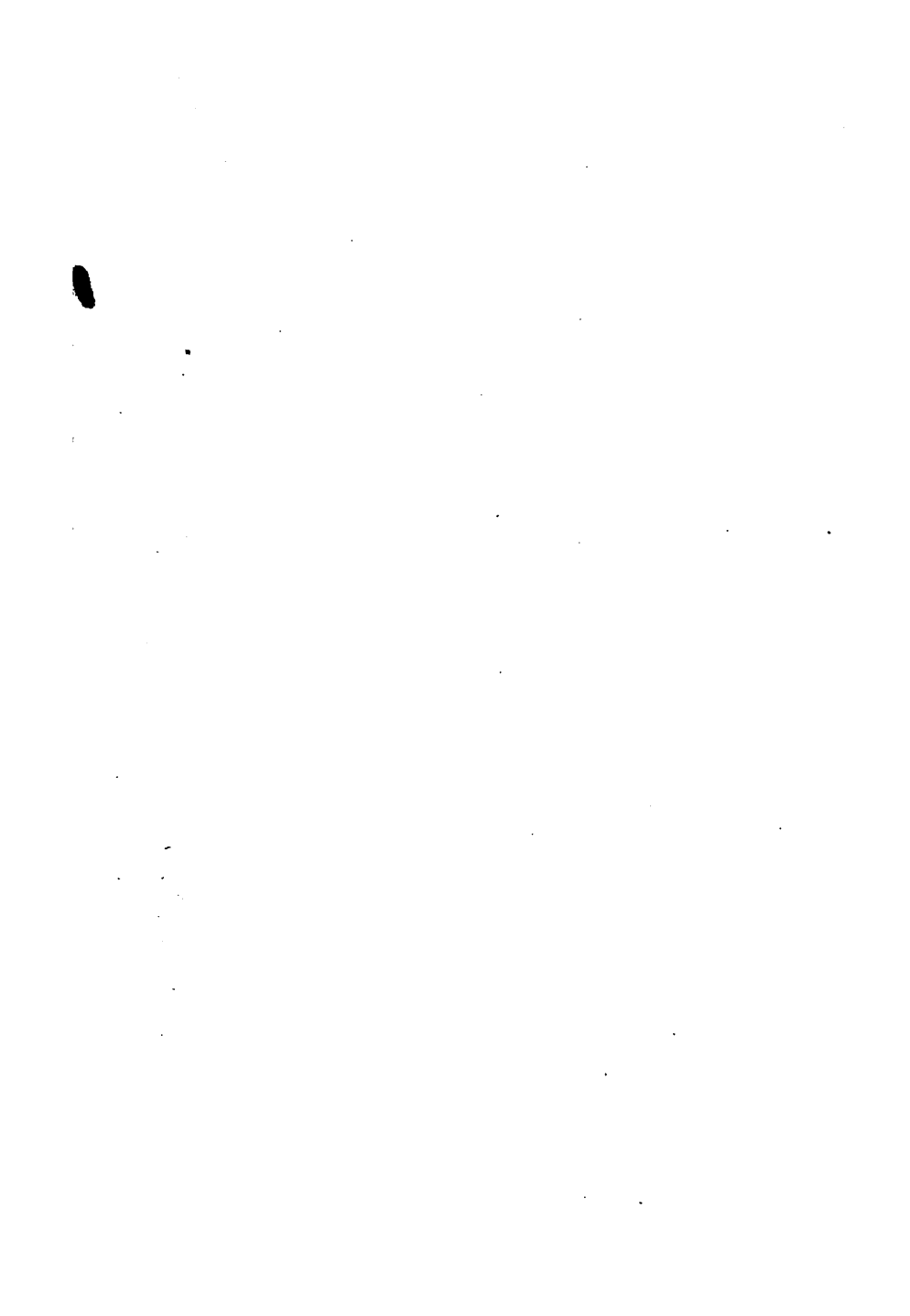
Where the living waters flow?

Only her sweet dust is left for earth's fond keep-
ing,

Only her sweet dust, embalmed with weeping.

Ye have won the spirit bright and rare,

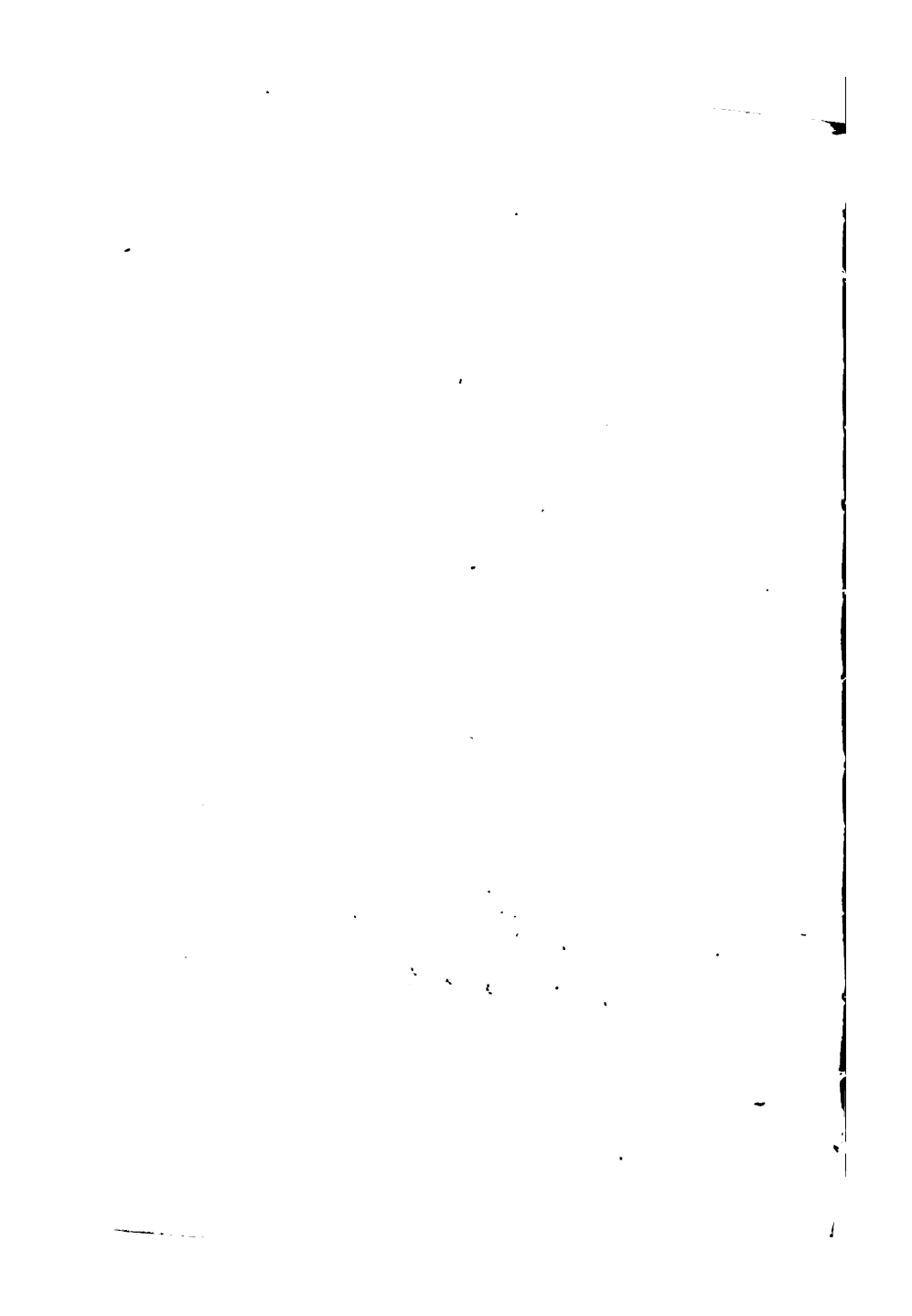
God hath fashioned naught more pure and fair,
 None of the shining band,
 Far in the blessed land,
Where Blanche, the earth-born, doth abide!
The earth is darker since she died;
Heaven more bright since she hath entered there.
Ye know her by her braids of shining hair,
Tresses that mocked the ripened filbert's bright-
 ness;
Ye know her, angels, by her vestal whiteness,
 Know her by her fair cheek's fadeless glow.
 Tell with what shining band,
 Far in the blessed land,
Blanche, the earth-born, doth abide.
Who listens nearest at her side,
 To her sweet voice, soft and low?
Angel wardens, ye who stand at the pearl portal,
Love our Blanche since she is made immortal;
Love her deeply, lest our full hearts break.
We besought the heavens for her sweet sake,
 That with the shining band,
 Far in the blessed land,
Blanche, the earth-born, might abide,
Angels walking nearest at her side.
All our tenderest wishes are fulfilled,
Ere a blight of earth her life had chilled,
In your jeweled walls guard her maiden bright-
 ness,





Lovingly.
M. R. M.

1. The first step in the process of creating a new product is to identify a market need. This involves conducting market research to understand the current market landscape, identify gaps, and determine the target audience. Once a market need is identified, the next step is to develop a concept for the new product. This involves brainstorming ideas, creating a prototype, and testing the concept with potential customers. Once the concept is validated, the next step is to develop a business plan. This involves determining the costs of production, setting a price point, and identifying distribution channels. Once the business plan is complete, the next step is to secure funding. This can be done through a variety of methods, including venture capital, angel investors, and crowdfunding. Once funding is secured, the next step is to begin production. This involves sourcing materials, hiring manufacturing staff, and setting up a production line. Once production is underway, the next step is to launch the product. This involves creating a marketing campaign, launching the product, and monitoring sales. Finally, the last step in the process is to evaluate the product's performance. This involves analyzing sales data, customer feedback, and market trends to determine the product's success and identify areas for improvement.



In serenest air guard her vestal whiteness,
Only whisper, whisper soft and low,
Tell with what shining band,
Far in the blessed land,
Blanche, the earth-born doth abide ;
Who walketh nearest at her side,
Where the living waters flow ?

SNOW IN OCTOBER.

Snow in October! Lo! the sparkling wonder!
Daintily, deftly, floating here and there;
Weirdly dancing, balancing in the air;
Draping blossomed boughs, and stealing under;
Sifting, with powdered pearls, the upturned faces
Of small, bright flowers, that tremble all aglow,
At this rare crowning of the stainless snow,—
This unsought charm, that so completes their
graces!

Snow in October! Crimson with the stain
Caught from the crown of thorns that woeful day,
A redbird—on the tree that moans alway,
Conscious of the rude cross—prolongs his strain;
While wings and crest of crimson, quivering
brightness,
Receives the stainless snow, the mystic whiteness.

TO KITTIE.

THE stars are out, the moon is riding high—
Come thou, dear love, and sit beneath the vines,
And gaze with me upon the glorious sky,
As, up the vault, the crescent higher shines.
Our evening haunt each flexile wreath entwines,
With all its fragrant wealth of snowy flowers.
I am alone; my spirit inly pines
To meet thy tender glance, in these sweet hours,
To clasp thy hand in mine. Ah! hasten here,
Beloved of my heart! I pine for thee;
And let me dream, that, from a holier sphere,
A spirit blest comes to commune with me;
Vain is the witchery of this weird hour,
If thou dost meet me not, my missing flower.

MY GARDEN IS BRIGHT WITH POP-
PIES TO-DAY.

TO MRS. W. F. TORRENCE, MONTREAL.

My garden is bright with poppies to-day,
Ebon and crimson, in regal state,
The tint of the dawn with a Tyrian dye,
Imperial purple, they well can mate.
Some are ablaze with mystical marks;
Some like blood sprinkled on mountain snow,
Spotted and streaked with rainbow dyes,
In the dew of the dawning, all aglow.

Some are shred like a sorrowful heart;
And some are fashioned like elfin sails,
With silken awnings for honey-bees,
That rise and fall with the summer gales.
With a subtle perfume, like ripened fruit,
They soothe my senses and charm my heart,
When I clasp the precious capsules that hold
The magical amulets, shrined apart.

Some are tinted like urns of amber light,
That deck the altars of sacred shrines,
And the sunshine fair through the trembling leaves
With a weird and mystical meaning shines.

O beautiful mates of the tasseled corn,
No precious odors are gathered up
In jeweled chalice more charmed and rare,
Than the sweetness held in your emerald cup!

The rose is gathered for festal halls,
The violet worn for love's sweet sake,
But the fragile poppy blossoms and falls,—
Few hearts to its magical beauty wake.
But the subtle spirit that art hath shrined,
We bear to the chamber of grief and pain,
And the charmed odors avail us well,
When the spells of passionate love are vain.

For there comes a time when the regal rose
And the violet's breath can naught avail;
When we pray and pine for the poppies fair,
That floated unculled in the summer's gale.
The noteless flower that we scorned to wear,
Yet the crownéd queen of the summer time,
Holds the nameless charm for the heart's despair,
Sweeter than summer, or poet's rhyme.

The subtle spirit distilled by art,
Entrances and lulls the weary brain;
Only the beautiful greets the gaze,
And the ear is charmed with a dulcet strain.

110 *My Garden is bright with Poppies to-day.*

The ear is charmed with the reaper's song,
The eye with visions of tasseled corn,
Where brightly, by dew and sunshine nurst,
The poppies float out on a summer morn.

I remember a chamber, dim and lone,
Whence bird and blossom were borne away,
Only the poppies, with subtle breath,
Marked the mournful hours of that stormy day.
They gave back strength to the nerveless hand,
They gave back light to the languid eye,
And the faces of dear familiar friends,
In visions of golden light, swept by.

O roses regal, I own your charms,
And violets dear, for love's sweet sake,
But the subtle breath of the poppies rare,
Only the depths of my heart awake.
They charmed my ear with a dulcet strain,
They gave me a vision of tasseled corn,
They lulled my heart to an infinite rest,
Those elfin sails of a summer morn.

IDA HAMILTON.

KENTUCKY.

SWEET *Ida Hamilton* ! The dewy dawn
Seems a fit setting for a gem so rare.
Like rippled lengths of lustrous gold her hair ;
Brown eyes that mock the startled forest fawn,
Its shy, wild beauty to the shade withdrawn ;
Her lightsome limbs, draped in a fabric fair,
She seems a gladsome creature of the air.
Standing expectant on the blossomed lawn,
Of what her maiden dreams ? O child of light,
Drink in the magic sweetness of the hour.
Nature is gifted with a wondrous power
To guard the spirit's inner life from blight,
Her silent wakening countless charms unfold,
Fair as thy tresses rippled lengths of gold.

A PICTURE.

A poem written for MRS. JOHN W. BISHOP, of New York city, after receiving from her a copy of the celebrated picture of our Lord and Savior, by Gabriel Max, from the "Legend of the Napkin."

I HOLD in my hand the priceless gift
Of thy loving heart to mine,
The pallid face of the dying Christ,
The wonderful face divine!

The jagged thorns on His temples press,
He is faint—for the crimson tide
Is slowly dropping from hands and feet,
And the wound of the spear in His side.

Oh! hearts insensate, of mortal mold,
That have not in His anguish wept,
When even the Napkin's trembling fold
The face of our God hath kept!

The marvelous eyes are piercing me
And my heart in its passionate pain,
Fiber by fiber is breaking, lest He
Vainly for me be slain.

I kneel and kiss His nail-pierced hands,
For the uncrowned God I see

In the "Man of Sorrows," who stilled the storm
For Peter on Galilee.

In the tear-wet eyes of infinite love,
That open and shut for me,
The unvailed splendors of Paradise,
With the penitent thief I see.

No more the unavailing words,
I count of gain or loss;
I look on the pitying face of Christ,
I cling to His blood-stained cross.

WILLIE FORD DAVIE.**TWO YEARS OLD TO-DAY.**

I MEASURE his life by the sun-lit years ;
I measure his life through no mist of tears ;
I measure his life by the sun-lit years !

There are beautiful words that he can say ;
To our Father's throne he has learned the way ;
At morning and evening he kneels to pray.

And if silence falls on our happy talk,
In a moment he turns in his gleeful walk,
With the question, "Mamma does you hear God
talk?"

He knows Christ the words of blessing said,
For children—who watches his cradle bed—
By whose hands the little birds are fed.

In his forehead he bears a Kingly Name,
To guard him forever from sin and shame ;
And if God shall bless him, who then shall blame?

O mothers whose hope unto Heaven aspires,
We feed with the angels the altar fires,
We sing the song with the seraph choirs.

For Christ, the crucified, on the cross,
In the midst of the uttermost shame and loss,
Remembered the mother love on the cross.

And with blessings for children from blessed lands,
An angel forever beside us stands,
Bearing the blood-stained cross in his hands.

MORNING ON THE HILLS OF THE
KENTUCKY RIVER.

MORNING upon the hills! The free, wild hills,
Crowned with the forest's unshorn majesty,
And by unfettered streams made musical!
Morning upon the hills! The saffron tints
That drape the eastern heavens momentarily
Are deepening. The lustrous living blue
Between is tremulous with ecstasy,
And consciously doth palpitate, while beams
The God of Day in goldenest glory,
At the horizon's verge. His altar fires
Quiver and flash, till the empyreal depths
Glow in the kindling light. The priestly sun,
Who offereth up the morning incense—
Far down the luminous east, trail the deep
Fringes of his sacrificial robes, purple
And gold. Far and wide floats the broad splendor,
And pours in lambent streams the rich libation.
Even the shining drops of last night's rain,
That trembling hang upon the swaying boughs,
Are all transmuted into burning gems.
The deepest recess in this ancient forest
Is all bedropt with gold. And yon hoar cliff

Doth clasp on its gray front a jeweled crown.
Earth wakeneth and greets the early light
With all her myriad voices. Every tree
Gives grandly out a different note to swell
The diapason. Birds chant interludes,
And rippling waters breathe a soft contralto;
Through these green arcades wakeneth the hum
Of myriad insect life: and butterfly
And bee glance in the air like wingéd gems.
A thousand flowers yield their fresh young hearts
To deck the sun's bright altar; and the air
Is freighted with the ambrosial incense.
In the distance thy blue waves, Kentucky,
Flash in the glittering sunshine jubilant!
Even the patient oxen in the vale,
With their uplifted eyes offer mute thanks;
But the sobbing winds, a miserere
Chant for the pale, dead night, and strew upon
Her noteless grave dewy and odorous leaves.
Morning upon the hills! Wake thou, my heart!
If these insensate things such homage yield,
What offering hast thou for purer light!
For thy fair birthright of immortal hope,
That brighter grows, though the great sun be dark-
ened,
And all this beauty perish like the moth?
Waken, my heart, and consecrate thy powers,
Thy aspirations, and thy deep affections,

118 *Morning on the Hills of Kentucky River.*

In the pure freshness of this early light.
Offer glad praise like the exultant waters ;
Like the flowers, that offer their full hearts.
Offer thine inward life, as thy best incense.
And, if so be, that, like the wailing winds,
On hopes that faded in their starry promise
Thou strew the leaves of passionate regret,
Yet offer praise, that like yon hoary cliff,
Thy life is brightened with supernal glory ;
And the dark lone chambers of thy sorrow,
Like the recesses of this ancient forest,
Are every-where bedropt with most fine gold.

BELLE HART BRENT.

1845.

WILL you have a sweet picture to keep in your
heart,
Whence the sunshine and beauty may never de-
part?
Then I'll give you a sketch of an infantine sprite,
As she plays by my hearth, in her childish delight.
Like the humming bird flitting from flower to
flower,
She brings music and mirth to each dark wintry
hour;
For her voice has the tone of the dove's dulcet
lay,
When she moans in the forest the long summer
day.

Her brow, where the blue veins are wandering
through,
Is as fair as the delicate lily-cup's hue;
And the soft flaxen curls, o'er the white temples
shine,
Like the tendrils that cling to the blossoming
vine;

Her eye, like a violet, all trembling and wet,
Speaks an eloquent language you ne'er can forget.
As she timidly glances the long lashes through,
I can not withstand their sweet pleadings—can
you?

Her lips are like rosebuds, at morn's dewy hour,
And her cheek wears the hue of the unfolded
flower,
With her small dimpled hands, folded close on my
breast,
Thus nightly she sinks to her innocent rest.
As falleth the snowflake, when storm winds are
mute,
So falleth the tread of her fairy-like foot;
Yet sometimes the warm tears unconsciously start,
As I watch thy bright coming, my bonnie Belle
Hart.

For I know not what pathways my darling may
tread,
Nor the storms that may bow down her beautiful
head;
Perchance she may bear to the islands afar,
The life-giving tidings of Bethlehem's Star;
And the turbulent waters of error may cease
As she tells to the heathen the story of peace;

And their minds will forget the dark mazes they
trod
While she guides to the pure, perfect worship of
God.

How bright, or how saddened, her fortunes may be,
The dim, distant future reveals not to me ;
Whether early or late, the frail nursling of love
Shall be gently transplanted to gardens above ;
But as dew freshens daily the flower's pure cup,
Be her spirit kept stainless till called to go up,
And if first she ascends to that fair clime of bliss,
It will solace thy fond heart to look upon this.

KENNEDY'S CREEK.

DEDICATED TO REV. R. W. CLELAND.

O SMALL, bright stream, I name thee Meadow-
Sweet!

Through blue-grass meadows in thy lightsome
play,

Singing thy happy song by night and day,
While woodland echoes the glad notes repeat!—

As pilgrims haste some Mecca haunt to greet,

And gather amulets to charm the way,

And light with sunshine, many a stormy day,

I seek thy spells to make my life complete.

I do recall a time when, prison bound,

I pined for violets, with such passionate pain,

That in thy clefts had caught their purple stain,

The heart-sick longing, shut out sight and sound,—

The heart-sick longing felt by wounded things,

When they have vainly sought for hidden springs.

HORACE.

MOTHER's heart inditing,
Only poet's pen is writing,
Noting, as you do, a flower
Leaves unfolding, hour by hour ;
All his pretty gifts and graces,
Warming hearts and brightening faces,
All his winsome, half-formed words,
Sweeter than the song of birds.
Countless coins of red gold shining,
Countless white pearls intertwining—
Flashing rubies without measure,
Pale beside this household treasure !
Wondrous questions and replies
Show his kindred with the skies ;
Morning bright, and evening dim,
Some sweet angel teaches him ;
Who his Savior doth behold,
In the city paved with gold.
Even in sleep his tender dreams
Ripple with the heavenly streams—
And in light to us denied,
He is borne upon their tide.
Fairest child, when days are long,

Thou to me art flower and song.
In thy beauty I can trace
Likeness to a baby-face,
In its love-light all aglow,
Very precious—long ago!
Soft brown eyes, and rings of gold,
On a broad brow, manifold;
Therefore, when the days are long,
Thou to me art Flower and Song!

MEMORIAL

OF MRS. KATE SPEARS ALEXANDER, WIFE OF MR. GEORGE B.
ALEXANDER, OF PARIS, KENTUCKY.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." . . . "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."—BIBLE.

I CANNOT bring rare flowers to strew
The couch where she lies sleeping;
I only weave a tender song
For hearts that break with weeping;
For little children, motherless,
Who look in silent wonder,
That such sweet ties of earthly love
Could so be rent asunder.

Yet are "the sparrows" day by day
Our Father's love attesting?
And shall not we, His children dear,
Be on His promise resting?
Is not our Father's love as true
In taking as in giving?
Are we not "precious in His sight,"
When dying, as when living?

So bright and evenly she walked
Life's daily path of duty,
She decked the smallest tasks of love
With coronals of beauty.
So lightly, gently held her hand,
Joy's overbrimming chalice;
The angels came and bore her up
Into the King's own palace.

And still upon the crumbling brink,
Where she became immortal,
She entered like a little child
Within the open portal.
To me she was like summer dawn,
So clear, so true, so tender,
And I shall see her face once more
In God's own heaven of splendor.

Oh ! once within my open door
To see her gladly enter,
The little children by her side,
Of love, their shining center !
Oh ! sometime, angels, in our dreams,
Sometime when we lie sleeping,
Bring back that vision of delight
To hearts that break with weeping.

TO LINNET.

A CRUSH of diamonds! Diamonds every-where!
Shattered and sown, like seed beside the way,
The sparkle of their splendor mocks the day!
A thousand rainbows, rent from summer air,
Imprisoned, drape the brown earth cold and bare;
The diamonds flash from every barren spray
The grasses, sheathed in diamonds, mark the way,
And moss-grown eaves imperial diamonds wear.
Broderies of seed-pearl, finely wrought and rare,
Ethereal as the flounces of a fay,
Wreath vines, that like great coils of diamonds
 sway;
While perched upon my Indian arrow fair,
A robin red-breast crooning to his mate,—
“For us, dear love, for us this royal state!”

IN YEARS GONE BY.

A MEMORY OF MRS. AMELIA HITE, PARIS, KY.

IN years gone by—the time is long,
Since thou and I stood side by side,
And watched the river deep and strong,
Whose waves from deathless life divide.

A maiden fair, with sunny braids,
Passed down with joy to meet the tide;
She hailed the light beyond the shades,
With Jesus walking by her side.

She said, “ Old friends with joy I greet!
They kiss my lips, they clasp my hand! ”
And full of love, with willing feet,
She passed into the unknown land.

And next a mother, purified
With sorrow's swift, consuming fire,
Passed out from where the maiden died,
By faith's stern ordeal lifted higher,

Into the heaven of light and song,—
And much we questioned then with tears,

Watching the river deep and strong,
While Jesus vanquished all her fears.

Dost thou remember, on the shore,
How yearned our hearts to know that day ?
And yet in tears while we deplore,
As silent, thou hast passed away !

Enough for us, enough for thee,
Our firm, obedient Christian faith :
“ No ear hath heard, no eye hath seen,”
These are the words the Master saith.

We need no rash, irreverent hand,
Unreal visions to create
Of heaven, where veiled the angels stand,
Angels who kept their first estate.

The way by which God's heaven we win,
The “ blood of sprinkling ” hath revealed ;
No more we need to enter in
The joy to spirits blest unsealed !

THE LOST FLOWER OF CHAUTAUQUA.

TO MISS MARY HOW, WALNUT HILLS, OHIO.

"One of the legends of the Lake asserts that growing low in the velvet glades, under the highest hills of the shore, the enlightened eye of the Indian medicine-man could discern a tiny plant of such healing virtue and miraculous restorative power, that the sick came from distant regions to taste and live. There is no one now to tell which was the plant of marvelous power."—LETTER FROM MARY CECIL HARWOOD.

A QUAIN old legend doth the history hold
Of a lost Indian flower,
That hid within its tiny heart of dew
A pure and priceless dower.

Where wild Chautauqua's waters kiss the shore,
The wondrous flower was nurst,
And Indian maidens in their ebon hair
Braided its blossoms first.

And through the pathways of the tangled glades
Weird hunters of lost Art
Came with fleet, eager footsteps, seeking long
This wild flower's honeyed heart.

Still pressed by pilgrim feet Chautauqua's shore,
Though questioned hour by hour,
The waves, the winds, the lone crypts of the hills,
None name the missing flower.

Whether it wore a tiny crest of blue,
Signed with a cross and star,
The stainless color of the summer tide,
The sunshine's golden bar!

Whether it wore a royal purple stain,
Pranked with a golden shower;
Whether the flush of dawning, faint and fair,
That deepened with the hour!

Whether their crimson lights on distant hills
Like flashing bonfires glow;
Or whether sprinkled by the lake's lone marge,
Whiter than mountain snow!

They name no more the perished Indian flower;
Echoes that once could thrill,
Like unreplying voices by the dead,
The echoes all are still!

And still by pilgrim feet the wild lake shore—
Chautauqua's shore—is prest,

132 *The Lost Flower of Chautauqua.*

And gems and gold are paltry if they find
This wild flower's hidden crest!

Only a quaint old legend, heeding not
The heart thirst for the flower,
Tells only that it lived, was loved, is lost,
Filled with a priceless dower!

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY A WALK TO THE CEMETERY AT FRANKFORT,
KENNEDY, BEFORE SUNRISE.

LATE I sought the cemetery, by the winding river-
way,
While the hills were fresh and dewy, in the prime
of early day ;
Groups of trees, in the sweet silence, spread their
boughs on every height,
Waiting, like the ancient Incas, for their sun-
god's golden light.

O'er the shaded, slumbrous valleys faintly gleamed
the purple dawn,
And like wing of ministering angel, slowly, lin-
geringly withdrawn,
Were the wreaths of mist uprising from the guarded
night's repose,
And their parting whiteness mingled with the
morn's ærial rose.

Over leafless trees the tendrils of the fragile vine
were flung,
And like gems from base to summit were the
odorous blossoms hung ;

Emblems meet of the fair mantle, charity so softly
flings,
Full of her own grace and beauty over mean, inferior things.

Far below me swept the river, like a belt of silver
sheen,
And the birds their matins chanted in the temples
veiled between ;
Here and there the busy spider wove her meshes
in the breeze,
And my spirit inly murmured, "Types of human
hopes are these!"

Midway up the sylvan pathway, gushed a spring
whose limpid wave
To the mosses on its margin pure and gentle baptism
gave,
And the delicate white flowers, in their young
hearts incense held,
Such as Oberon and Titania offered in the days of
eld.

There were myriad winged insects, brightly glancing
through the air,
For the time was full of life, and beauty manifold
and rare ;
And I said, "If such the sunshine and the myriad
glories here,

Who can tell the marvelous beauty of that far
diviner sphere?"

Near the entrance to the city—silent City of the
Dead—

Drooped a fair young tree, with vine-leaves
shrouding all its graceful head,

Nun-like in its mournful meekness, at its still de-
votions bent,

And the greensward all around it was with peni-
tent tears besprent.

'Twas an hour for thought most holy, and my
spirit turned to thee,

As the needle, true yet trembling, turneth to the
star at sea ;

And I thought of happier summers, when thy
heart its influence lent,

And with hill, and rock, and river was thy gentle
converse blent.

Beautiful yet fragile fancies wove we in those
trustful days,

When earth wore a crown of brightness like the
rainbow's changeful rays,

Then we reveled in the sunshine, saw not thorns
among the flowers,

Half forgot the curse had fallen on this beautiful
world of ours.

But the fancies fair have faded, like the dew before the day,
And our paths long since were parted, thou, sweet, friend, art far away;
Mournfully the waters glided, and a moan was on the air,
As the echo to my question mocking answered,
"Where—oh! where!"

Sadly I retraced my footsteps, down the winding river-way,
And my eyes were dim and tearful in the golden light of day;
And I said, "Though Nature wooes me with her glorious pageantry,
Redolent of bloom and beauty, it is nought, bereft of thee."

Mother, come back from thy Heaven of light. 137

OH! MOTHER, COME BACK FROM THY
HEAVEN OF LIGHT.

DEDICATED TO MRS. WILLIAM MASSIE, OF HIDAWAY, PARIS,
KENTUCKY.

OH! mother, come back from thy heaven of light,
Come back from the joy and the song,
And hold me again to thy loving heart,
When the tide of my grief grows strong.

When, like the Apostle of old, I sail,
By tempests exceedingly tossed;
When neither sun nor stars appear,
And the hopes of my life seem lost!

Bring me a branch from the tree of life,
To bind upon my breast,
That the wondrous balm of its healing leaves
May soothe this wild unrest.

Oh! mother, bring me a vision of light—
Of the beauty of the King—
Of the blood-washed throng, who walk in white,
Teach me the song they sing.

138 *Mother, come back from the Heaven of light.*

Bring me a draught from the river of life ;
It will cool this fever thirst ;
Until freed from sorrow with thee I stand,
Where the crystal waters burst.

And tell me, mother—speak low in my dreams,—
Where,—near to the undefiled,
They have placed my boy,—and the new name,—
That He has given my child !

Yet not for the sake of an earthly love
Would I do my Savior wrong ;
I know that His face makes the light of heaven,
His name the joy of the song.

And sweeter if Christ shall walk with me
In the seven-fold furnace fires,
Than the inner Heaven without my Lord,
To which my soul aspires.

Yet, mother! come back from thy heaven of light,
Come back from the joy and the song,
And hold me again to thy loving heart,
When the tide of my grief grows strong!

WHAT IS THE CHARM?

TO MISS DORA BRIDGEFORD, OF LOUISVILLE, KY.

WHAT is the charm, the nameless charm,
That rests like a crown on her shining hair,
That shimmers and floats in her delicate robes,
Like the charm of the summer air?

What is the charm in her dainty hand,
In the rippling sound of her gentle words,
That thrill the heart with a sense of joy,
Like the songs of summer birds?

What is the charm of her maiden grace,
That sparkles through blossom-scented hours,
And glows in the changing glow of her face,
Like the light on summer flowers?

I can not tell, but she holds my heart
By a power I know she will not break,
And I yield to the charm, the subtle charm,
That binds me for her sweet sake.

She tinted with gold the summer-time,
But now the beautiful day is done,
And I turn toward the glow of her soul-lit face,
As the sun-flower turns to the sun.

PASSIFLORA.

I WEAVE for thee a wreath of passion flower,
The mystic, consecrated flower of earth
That through the dying Savior's blood had birth—
The blossomed testimonial of that hour
When hosts of hell asserted short-lived power,
Crushed by the Godhead's might on Calvary—
The atoning sacrifice for thee and me,
The pledge and purchase of the Christian's dower.
This flower doth ever wear the Tyrian dye
Of the mock robe, the emblem nails, the spear;
The crown, the Cross, that marked his sufferings
here,
With mute appeal, salute the gazer's eye;
O Christian hearts, do we with one accord
Thus bear the death-marks of our risen Lord?

SONNET.

Oh, comfort me, my Savior, comfort me!
The path is dreary, and the way is long ;
I can not cheer these silent heights with song,
If thy blest presence go not up with me.
Oh, in the day of my calamity,
Hold thou my hand, and make my spirit strong,
Lest I should faint and fail, and do thee wrong;
Cover my head, and crown with victory!
I worship thee, O Christ of Nazareth,
As the great God, who made the heaven and earth ;
By whose almighty word the stars had birth,
Who only holds my soul in life and death,
Whose priceless blood alone avails for me ;
O give me through thy death the victory.

WALLACE.

IN pictured beauty he will always stand
Brightly before me in his boyish grace ;
A white magnolia blossom in his hand,
The light of youth and hope upon his face !
The radiant tints all sorrow shall withstand,—
No crush of age nor care the light displace,
Forever held by memory's magic band,
Beyond the power of death to leave a trace.
I did not see his young life ebb away ;
And, when they brought him straight and silent
 hid,
With lilies heaped above his treasured clay,
I could not look upon the coffin lid ;
In boyish grace before me he will stand,
A white magnolia blossom in his hand.

THE KEMBLE INSPIRATION.

TO S. E. B.

It was a dark and stormy day—
The clouds were wildly drifting,
Like bands of a beleaguered host
Their brave resistance shifting;
And steadily the snow-flakes fell,
The bare, brown earth to cover,
While winds a miserere sobbed
For buried friend and lover.

Alone within my silent home,
Fearing the sad to-morrow,
With tear-wet face I sat and ate
The ashen crust of sorrow :
When, lo ! a step upon the stair !
A hand the latch uplifted—
My chamber caught the golden glow,
Like cloud by sunshine rifted.

My heart leaped up to greet the light,
To welcome the sweet comer ;
Genius and Love stood hand in hand
Surrounding me with summer !

They brought the flush to lip and cheek
By charm of their caresses;
With apple and acacia bloom
They looped my fallen tresses.

Through many a land of old romance,
Spell-bound in light, I floated;
Like the quaint dial of Italy,
Only bright hours I noted;
The matchless voice of English song
My heart and brain entralling—
Sweeter than breath of summer flowers,
Sweeter than spring birds calling.

If, in the stormy outer world,
The winds were wildly drifting,
Like bands of a beleaguered host,
Their brave resistance shifting;
If steadily the snow came down
The bare, brown earth to cover;
If winds a miserere sobbed
For buried friend and lover:

I know not. Love and Genius held
Me close in their caresses;
With apple and acacia blooms
They looped my fallen tresses;

Old idyls of enchantment sang
In thought's divinest measure,
While, in a light elysian craft,
I sailed a sea of pleasure.

I only know the golden glow
My heart and home is filling ;
The breath, the sounds of summer-time,
My inner senses thrilling ;
And memory shall hold for me
This dainty delectation,
Linked with the tender love that sent
The Kemble inspiration.

SONNET.

PSALM XL. 17.

“POOR, needy,” “yet He thinketh upon me.”
Then name my poverty magnificence!
Since it hath won me such blest recompense,
Thoughts of my risen Lord in heaven for me.
No deeper joy through all eternity
Can thrill my heart! Dim grow the jasper walls
To the full sweetness that my heart enthralls,
In the one thought, my Savior thinks on me.

O Shepherd Poet, how thy tender thought
Through centuries doth blossom and bear fruit;
When days are dark and loving lips are mute,
For all, the healing balm is dropped unbought.
O heaven of heavens, on earth! O heaven to be,
Beyond the grave, my Savior thinks on me.

LOUISE PARRISH—MY CHILD FRIEND.

“And if any painter knew her,
He would draw her unaware,
With a halo 'round her hair!”

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I HAVE a wee child friend, fair as a faërie ;
Sweet as the heart of a Damascus rose ;
Pure as the dew drop in a lily's cup—
Sparkling as Phosphor, herald of the dawn,
Yet shy and timid as a little fawn.
Sometimes of her sweet favors she is chary,
And speeds away from me with light, swift steps,
That I may woo her with sweet coaxing words.
My baby-bird, my winsome lady love,
Then springs into my arms, and takes my kisses !
She walks the chambers of my heart at will,
And by her touch wakes many a hidden spring.
Her intuitions are like inspirations,
So clear, so delicate, so marvelous ;
She seems to shame the culture of long years ;
The queens of art and song would envy her.
She is embodied music, fine and rare !
No treasures costly I withhold from her ;
But fearlessly I place in her small palm

148 *Louise Parrish—My Child Friend.*

Keepsakes most precious, for her pastime sweet ;
Then she restores them to me daintily !
Pictures and shells and marvels of lost art
Receive an added beauty from her touch !
She can not know, sweet child of infant years,
Bright baby-bird, that I have loved her so.
Yet if I thought my name she would forget,
When in my chamber I sleep silently,
With blue-grass draperied and curtained close,
My heart's deep springs would overflow with tears.

SONNET.

DEDICATED TO MRS. ALICE BRANNIN GAYLORD, OF LOUISVILLE,
KENTUCKY.

A SOVEREIGN lady in her own sweet right ;
God gave her beauty for her matchless dower,
As He doth give the fair and stately flower,
That wakens dew-gemmed to the morning light.
I pray God earth may bring her charms no blight,
For beauty holds the priceless innate power
To brighten with its light the darkest hour ;
To jewel sorrow as stars gem the night ;
Her beauty is her crown, to light the way
For pilgrims weary in the desert sands ;
While tenderly she guides with loving hands
Faint footsteps that perchance had gone astray.
For beauty, God's fair gift, holds potent power,
To charm waste places, like the stately flower.

PICCIOLA.

DEDICATED TO MISS FLORENCE ANDERSON, OF PARIS, KY.

GOD gave the minstrel's art for her sweet dower,
And dextrously she wove, with willing hands
Lays of the heart, and lays of many lands;
Tracked to their magic source with wond'rous
power
The streams of song, and brought a honeyed
shower
Of blossomed thought, sweet as the sweet refrain
Of wood-birds chanting with the April rain.
The violets' birthday in the spring-tide hour,
To deck the prison walls where April shower,
Nor bird, nor violet cheers the silent time,
Brighter than spring-tide beamed her blossomed
rhyme;
She brought heart sunshine by her subtle power,
And the lone prisoner blessed her priceless dower,
And named her Picciola, Prison-Flower.

EMMA HICKMAN.

EMMA CORBETT ! sweet old English fiction,
So receive my tender benediction ;
Near my heart I hold thee like a lover,
Softly kiss thy time-worn, antique cover ;
Stand where first thy sweet, pathetic story
Crowned with April mists my girlhood glory ;
With the glamour, sorrow's cords are broken,
Priceless words of love again are spoken ;
Lilac blossoms fill the air with sweetness,
Life is prodigal of fair completeness.
While I wonder if some veiled to-morrow,
Will make mine, thy tender love and sorrow,
Still through tears, thrice sweet old English
fiction,
So receive my tender benediction.

Emma Hickman ! No unreal fiction,
So receive my tender benediction ;
Near my heart I hold thee like a lover,
And again thy face with kisses cover.
Queenly art thou in thy simple duty,
Crowned with motherhood and wifehood beauty ;

Still around thee shines the purple glory,
 Caught in girlhood, from love's magic story ;
In thy blossomed, fair midsummer beauty,
 Fairer still for simple love and duty.
So I turn, to bring from depths of sorrow
 Something shining for thy bright to-morrow.
Emma Hickman ! No unreal fiction,
 So receive my tender benediction.

NEW FOREST.

TO THE MOTHER OF MRS. ANN MARIA SHACKELFORD.

AH! weep not at leaving thine earthly home,
All beautiful tho' it be,
Wherever thy parted feet may roam,
It is fadeless for aye to thee.
Is it not mapped in thine inmost heart—
Each pathway and shaded dell!
Its blossoming sweetness, all hived apart,
In memory's treasure-cell!

The floral children, that 'neath thy hand,
'Mid sunshine and dew have sprung
O'er the fragrant sward, by the breezes bland,
Like shreds of the rainbow flung,
Will float on the waters of thy heart,
Undimmed by the touch of time,
For memory's flowers are shrined apart,
As they bloomed in their early prime.

The mist-tree will wave in that charmed air
Its amber and purple plumes,
And the delicate blush-rose will be there
With its matin gift of blooms.

And the jasmine, the nightly blooming flower,
Will offer its incense up,
When the angel who guardeth the dewy hour
Shall sprinkle its emerald cup.

The larch will its graceful tassels fling
To the caressing wind ;
And the broom, at the touch of the dainty spring,
Will its golden locks unbind ;
The lily, that hideth in lowly guise
Her censers of perfume,
And the iris, whose robe of Tyrian dyes
Was wrought in a fairy's loom.

The tuberose white, like a pearl that gleams,
In the autumn's kindling leaves,
The pure crown-jewel that chastely beams,
In the shrine of her golden sheaves—
They are thine, all thine, from the tiniest flower
Gemming the glades below,
To the rose, the proud, ærial flower,
That maketh the sunset glow.

The oriole's pendent nest will swing
On the trembling aspen tree,
And thy heart's chambers will softly ring
With their gushing minstrelsy.

The birds that build in the ivy green,
Glancing like jewels rare,
They are thine, thro' every changing scene,
Unharm'd in that charm'd air.

And the human flowers thy heart hath nurst,
Each dear, familiar tone
Will fall on thy ear, as they fell at first,
Soft as the sea-shell's moan.
Each lineament dear, of form and face,
O'er these Time hath no power,
They will glow for thee, in their winsome grace,
As they glow'd in life's vernal hour.

They are thine, all thine, they are charm'd things,
All free from the spoiler's power ;
They have won their life from thy heart's pure
springs :

These are thy priceless dower.
Then weep not at leaving thine earthly home,
All beautiful though it be,
New Forest, wherever thy feet may roam,
Is a spirit-haunt for thee.

"LOOK NOT THOU UPON THE WINE."

Look not thou upon the wine, when it is red in
the cup!

When, like a flashing ruby, it shall move itself
aright;

Though like beaded diamonds the bright drops
bubble up,

There is madness in the chalice! there is infamy
and blight!

Though a gentle hand may proffer, with inimitable
grace;

Though a rosy lip before thee touch the brim
thine own would press;

Better lose the tender friendship, lose thy envied
pride of place;

When the brain with wine is poisoned, love hath
lost its power to bless.

Can thy lofty manhood baffle the enchantment it
shall bring?

Saith the Word of inspiration: "Like a serpent it
shall bite,

At the last, with the poison of the adder it shall
sting ;”

It will sap thy strength of manhood, it will cloud
thy sense of right.

It hath turned the tide of battle to dishonor and
to shame ;

It hath crushed the wing of genius, in the zenith
of its flight ;

It hath dimmed the fairest prospects ; it hath
stained the purest name ;

There is madness in the chalice ! there is infamy
and blight !

Ah ! look not on the wine, when it is red in the
cup,

When the many shall entice thee with its tempt-
ing, mocking light ;

Though like beaded diamonds the bright drops
bubble up,

It will sap thy strength of manhood, it will cloud
thy sense of right.

SEVENTY YEARS.

FOR MRS. EMMELINE BAYE FLANNIGAN.

SEVENTY YEARS! And the pathway seems
Draped in the atmosphere of dreams,
Blossomed arches, and glancing streams.

Daintiest flowers, of tenderest blue,
That in darkness, and tempest, had lost their hue,
Are freshly bathed in the morning dew.

Softly the old songs rise and fall,
Friends we have lost are just within call,
And the summer heavens bend over all.

Where are the fever and fret of strife,
That sometimes blighted the joy of life?
For the very air with peace is rife.

Little children, who climbed my knee,
Cling with their dimpled hands to me;
I can see them, as fair as fair can be.

The guide who walked in the path with me,
Who loved me, and cheered me, and cherished me,
How clearly his footsteps I can see.

Like a fair vision the path appears ;
Why should we dim, with regretful tears,
The gifts of our God, these vanished years ?

For the perilous journey is almost done ;
Through the Cross we conquer ; life's setting sun
Shines in its parting on victory won.

WHAT NEXT?

TO ANNETTE DE GUERRE.

WHAT next? My life is a fairy tale,
A summer sea, with a favoring gale;
Summer skies that are soft and fair
And a thousand perfumes charm the air.
Every voice has a tender tone,
And gentle the hands that clasp my own;
Home and kindred and friends to-night
Make earth a place of rare delight.
What next?

What next? The pathway I can not trace;
I see not my guardian angel's face;
So dark, so silent, the hidden land,
I only know God holds my hand.
I only know He has given to me
This time for my blissful eternity,
To blossom my heart, and fashion me fair;
And, if in His footsteps I walk with care,
What next?

What next? A life so white in the sun,
The watching angels shall say "Well done!"

Lifting so high the blood-stained cross,
That deathless souls shall not suffer loss.

Patiently waiting, day by day,
In desert places to watch and pray ;
The weariest waiting will not be long,
For the inner Heaven and the victor's song
Come next !

HEBE.

HEBE! upon my threshold—like a bird
That lights a crumbling temple, with its wings
Waking the silent echoes, while it sings
Arcadian melodies, so long unheard—
By the sweet music of her lightest word,
In the soft purple Indian Summer air
The golden sunbeams braided in her hair,
The silent waters of my heart she stirred,
Lighting the lonely places like a bird,
Retinting memories that long had slept
In the deep, hidden crypt, where tears are
kept!
Wakening old harmonies so long unheard;
Old happy memories of the mountain brakes
Where Hemans sung her songs among the
lakes!

Hebe! upon my threshold, bearing high
Hearts of flowers dissolved in sapphire chalice!
The Elf-King's crown, pilfered from faëry
palace.
Fairer than dream of poet to the eye!
And these for me! I need no longer sigh

For lost enchantments. So, I drain the chalice,
And win forevermore my fairy palace!
The crystal dew quickens the inward eye—
Hearts of flowers in dainty distillation!
Only for me, these priceless Elf-land gems!
Olympus never held such diadems!
Nor chronicled Olympus such ovation!
Corinne was proudly crowned at classic Rome—
I hold it worthier to be crowned at home.

OWEN MEREDITH'S FAIR LUCILE.

TO E. H. O. EDWARDIA.

OWEN MEREDITH's fair Lucile!—
Owen Meredith's rare Lucile!—
The dainty book I hold in my hand,
The leaves by the winds of April fanned;
Daintily bound, in blue and gold,
And the leaves, the Lilies of France enfold!—
Sweet, and stainless, and manifold.
Not more clear could a wizard's glass reveal,
The Duke de Luvois, and the Countess Lucile;—
Than these fair flowers, reveal at a glance;—
These emblem Lilies of La Belle France!—
Owen Meredith's fair Lucile!—
Owen Meredith's rare Lucile!—
Never held book such fair completeness;
Never held book such honeyed sweetness;
Sweeter than songs, of the forest birds,
Are the musical, magical, marvelous words;
Rich as the hue of the purple gloaming;
Light and bright as the wild waves foaming;
Trenchant and swift as the shining steel,
That flashed from the scabbard for fair Lucile;

When Luvois awoke from his sorrowful trance,
To the old, heroic Knighthood of France ;
And the camp was with angel grace besprent,
While Sœur Seraphine watched, in the soldier's
tent!—

Never held book such magical words,
Sweeter than songs of the forest birds;
They fall on my heart in ambrosial showers,
Sweet with the breath of a thousand flowers!—
Oh! beautiful spells, that genius hath wrought,
From the pure and passionate depths of thought!
The hand of genius, that deftly hath caught
And wreathed the divinest blossoms of thought.
Yet the dainty book reveals at a glance,
A breath more sweet than the Lilies of France ;
My heart alone, owns the mystic spell,
The undertone from the Fairy's Well!—
And the fairy haunts of Point Genevieve,
Where the clouds, their crimson draperies weave;
And a sweeter face, the tones reveal,
Than Owen Meredith's fair Lucile ;
Only my heart, can own the spell,
The voice of love from the Fairy's Well.

SALLY.

TO MR. AND MRS. A. W. WHELPLEY, OF CLIFTON, CINCINNATI.

YOU will laugh when I tell you that the silken ears of my dog Dash are far more beautiful and precious to me than the coveted ears of the tiger, sent in a silver box to Miss Westenhaugh by Mr. Isaacs.—M. R. M.

Ah, yes! you say, why let such trifles fret us,
As though it were an oriole's golden crest;
I tell you, beds of thyme from old Hymettus,
Would fairly fail to soothe our heart's unrest.

The saucy silken ears of Sally, shining
For after dinner napping, near my own,
Were far more suited to my homely habits,
Than cold, unanswering jewels near a throne.

She loved me with a passionate devotion,
Guarded my slumbers with such jealous care,
Not favorite friend, gliding with tenderest motion,
To break the coveted repose would dare.

A dog will love you, as brave men love honor,
And seal his fealty, if need be in death,

While sometimes human friendship fails and falters,
In sorest need, with but a passing breath.

I miss her bright-eyed, eager glance of welcome,
Her watchful care of all she knew was mine ;
And turn, unconsciously, for her glad greeting,
Upon the homeward path at day's decline.

She was more fleet than any Alpine chamois,
More graceful than a brown thrush on the wing,
And I confess to you, of all my treasures,
I valued Sally, more than any thing.

And I would give you all my regal roses,
And books of eld, that genius so endears.
If I, for comfort of my noontday napping,
Could lay my hand on Sally's silken ears.

SONNET.

"SHAKESPEARE, the greatest and most original writer of any age, lays the scenes of several of his plays in Italian soil, and derives the plots of them from Italian sources. Shakespeare's sonnets consist invariably of three quatrains and a couplet, and one can not but regret that he should have given the sanction of his great name to the least artistic form in which the sonnet can be written."—Article on the English Sonnet, from the "Cornhill Magazine."—*Eclectic*, August, 1872.

WHEN Shakespeare would transplant from Italy,
The dainty sonnet, intricate and sweet;
What marvel if in English soil should meet,
A depth of light and shade, more fair to see,
Than graced the flower in native purity?
What marvel if the slender stem should greet,
From such rare training, stature more complete,
Than sonnet blossomed first in Italy?
Does not each gardener give the cultured flower,
Unconsciously, a tint from heart and brain,
More regal than the rarest wild-wood stain,
That nature gives in her supremest hour?
The grand old master of our English verse
Lived to originate, not to rehearse.

**A SONG FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL CHRIST-
MAS-TIME.**

**WRITTEN FOR MRS. MARY HOPE CARROLL, OF CINCINNATI, AFTER
HEARING HER SING THE EXQUISITE SONG—" ONLY TO SEE HER
FACE AGAIN."**

A SONG for this beautiful Christmas-time,
The fairest of all the years,
With never a mark of carking care,
With never a stain of tears.
Only a tender, low refrain,
A matchless minor chord,
Only to hear her voice again,
Only her parting word.

A songstress fair, with golden hair,
Sings the old songs to-night ;
The holly-berries above her shine
Like rubies, red and bright.
Surely we heard her footsteps then
Along the oaken floor ;
We saw the trail of her silken robes,
As she entered the open door !

Inspired the fair-haired songstress seemed,
The small white hands I pressed,

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The face of the dead restored to me,
 Nestled upon my breast.
For while she sang that low refrain,
 And touched the minor chord,
I saw the face of the dead again,
 I heard her parting word.

THE CROWNING OF THE ROSE.

DEDICATED TO ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM, FLORIDA.

I SIT alone all silently,
At evening's dewy close,
And pine to share with thee, sweet love,
The crowning of the rose!
Her royal beauty never seemed
So perfect as to-day,
Her inmost heart resplendent
With the sunset's ruby ray.

Her breath of sweetness charms the air,
Like knights, the belted bees
Outvie in knightly chivalry,
The summer's minstrel breeze
That kisses and caresses her
From dawn till evening's close,
Perfecting all her dainty charms,
'Till she is crowned the rose!

The rose! the rose! the royal rose!
As wondrous fair to view,
As when the angels saw her first,
Impearled in Eden's dew;

For God baptized her trembling leaves
In that first dawn's repose,
And sinless eyes in love looked on
The crowning of the rose!

Perchance, perchance, regretful thoughts
Thy trembling heart may brim,
Until the falling tears like rain,
Thy loving eyes shall dim,
Of lone "Dunrobin's" silent walls,
Where Southern roses blow;
Redder than sunset's ruby ray,
Whiter than Alpine snow.

And still I hold thee to my heart,
And kiss thee in the mouth;
And bring the "Old Kentucky" rose,
Fair as thine own "Sweet South!"
In blue-grass meadows all unshorn,
The queen of roses grew,
By shower and sunshine brightly nursed,
And crowned with twilight dew!

Then take the dainty wreaths I bring,
They breathe a mystic balm;
Ring out the olden minstrelsy,
Of Eden's crowning Psalm!

The Crowning of the Rose.

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Despite, despite the sin that mars
Earth's beautiful repose,
Our love shall make an Eden for
The crowning of the rose !

MATTIE GIVENS.

DEDICATED TO COL. JOHN G. CRADDOCK, EDITOR OF THE
"TRUE KENTUCKIAN," PARIS, KY.

DEAD in the blossoming April time!
And the low-voiced winds like a poet's rhyme,
Embalm her with idyls, wild and sweet,—
They strew her with blossoms from head to feet:
The winds are calling the livelong day,
She hears them not—she is far away;
Dead, in her womanhood's golden prime!
Dead, in the blossoming April time!

We say she is dead! But they say not so,
In the land where the Heavenly roses blow;
From the fever-fret and the soil of strife,
She hath passed to the beautiful land of life!
To the land unshadowed by doubts and fears,
To the land undimmed by the mist of tears;
And they sing as they welcome her on the shore,
She lives forever, forever more!

Was not her life, in its golden grain,
Fair as the joy of the angel strain?
Was there not stamped on her gain and loss,
Through her joy and sorrow, the holy Cross?

She measured the worth of life aright,
Walking by faith, and not by sight,
Did she not day by day abide
In the uncrowned God—the Crucified?

How short the time since she wandered down,
A tender child, thro' this quaint old town ;
The lightsome sound of her bounding feet
Wakening the echoes in the street !
Be comforted ; Heaven is worth the tears,
And denial of self through a thousand years !
For, freedom from death, and freedom from sin,
Is the meed of all who enter in !

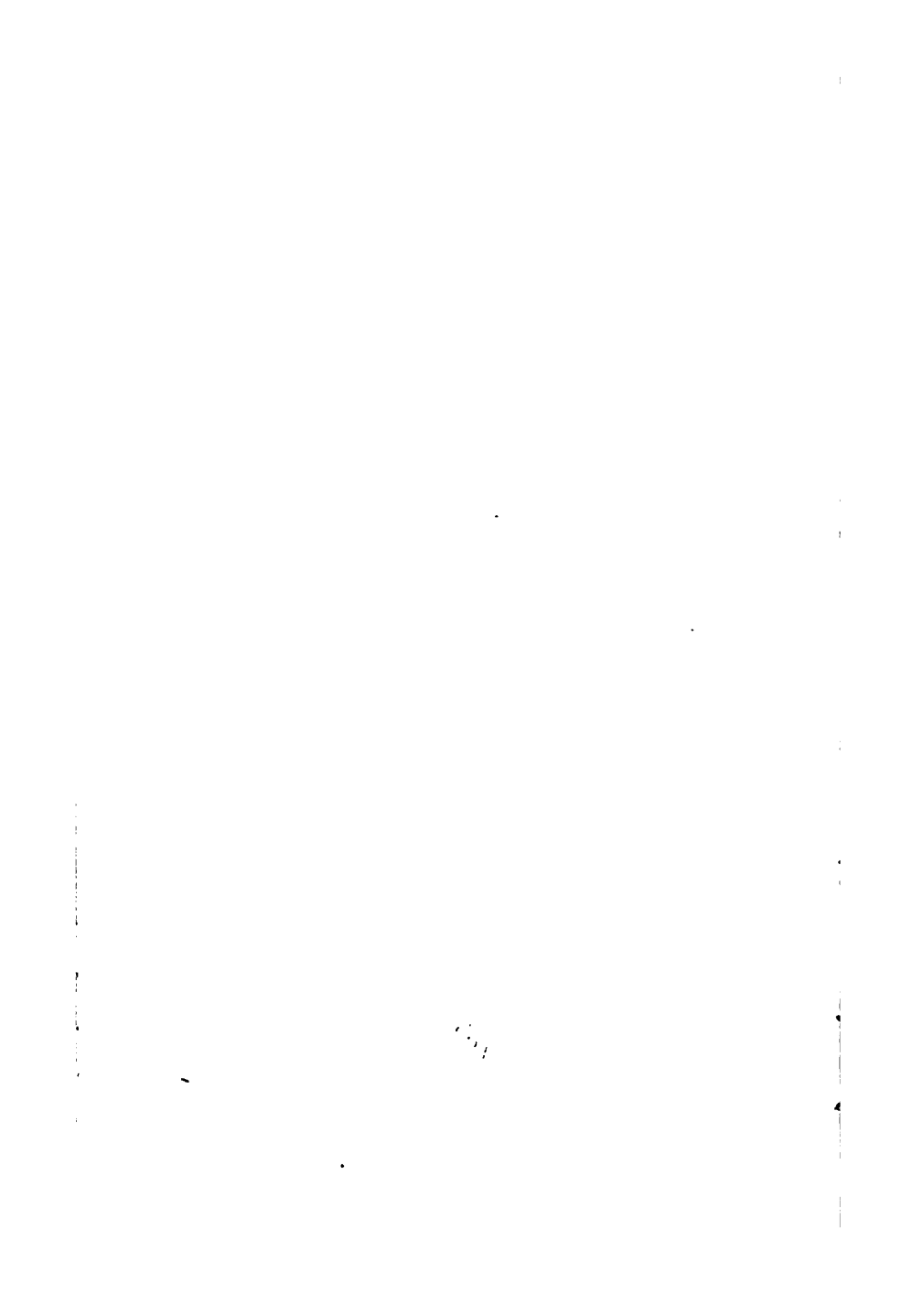
A PRAYER.

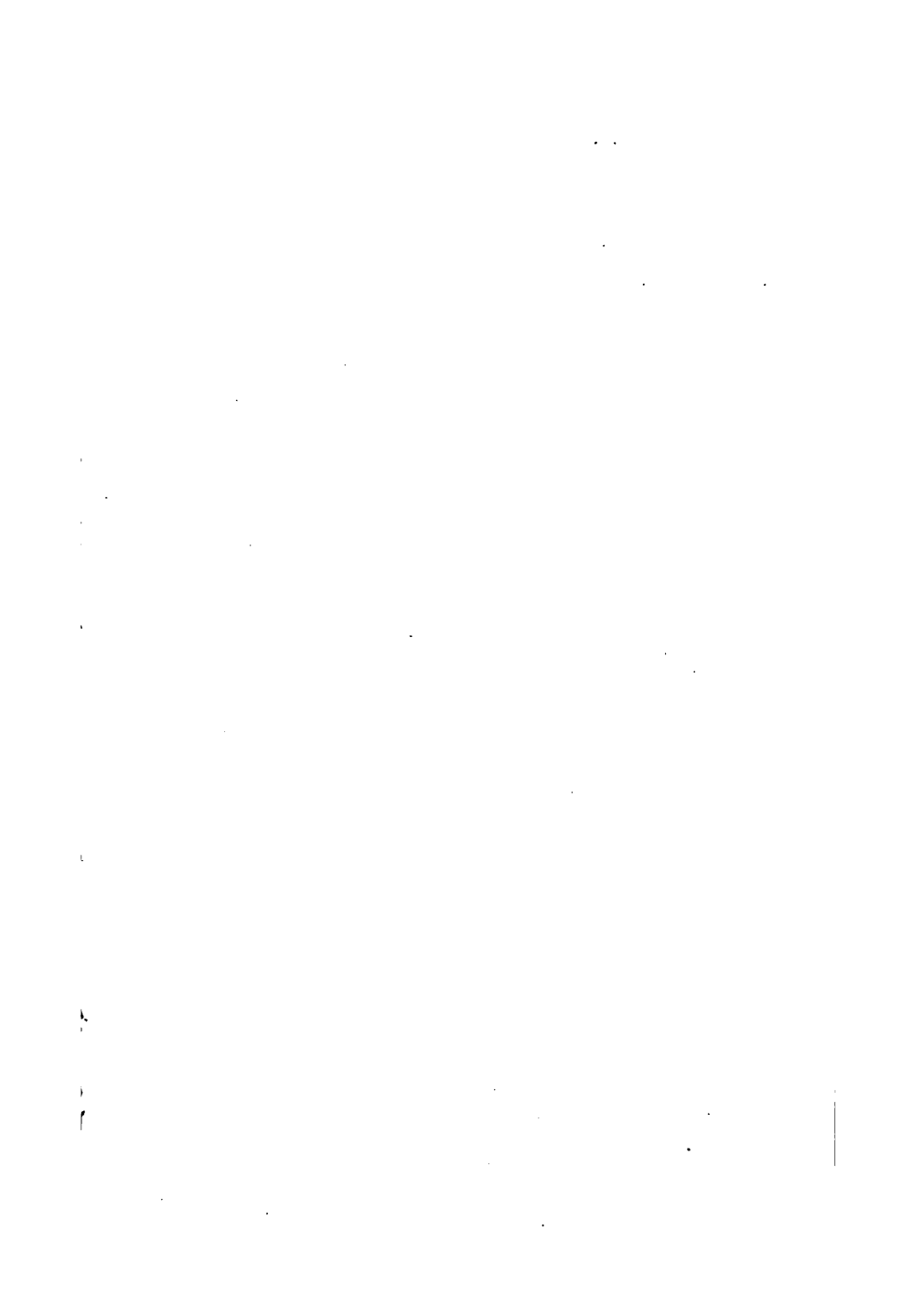
DEDICATED TO MRS. NANNIE KENNEY.

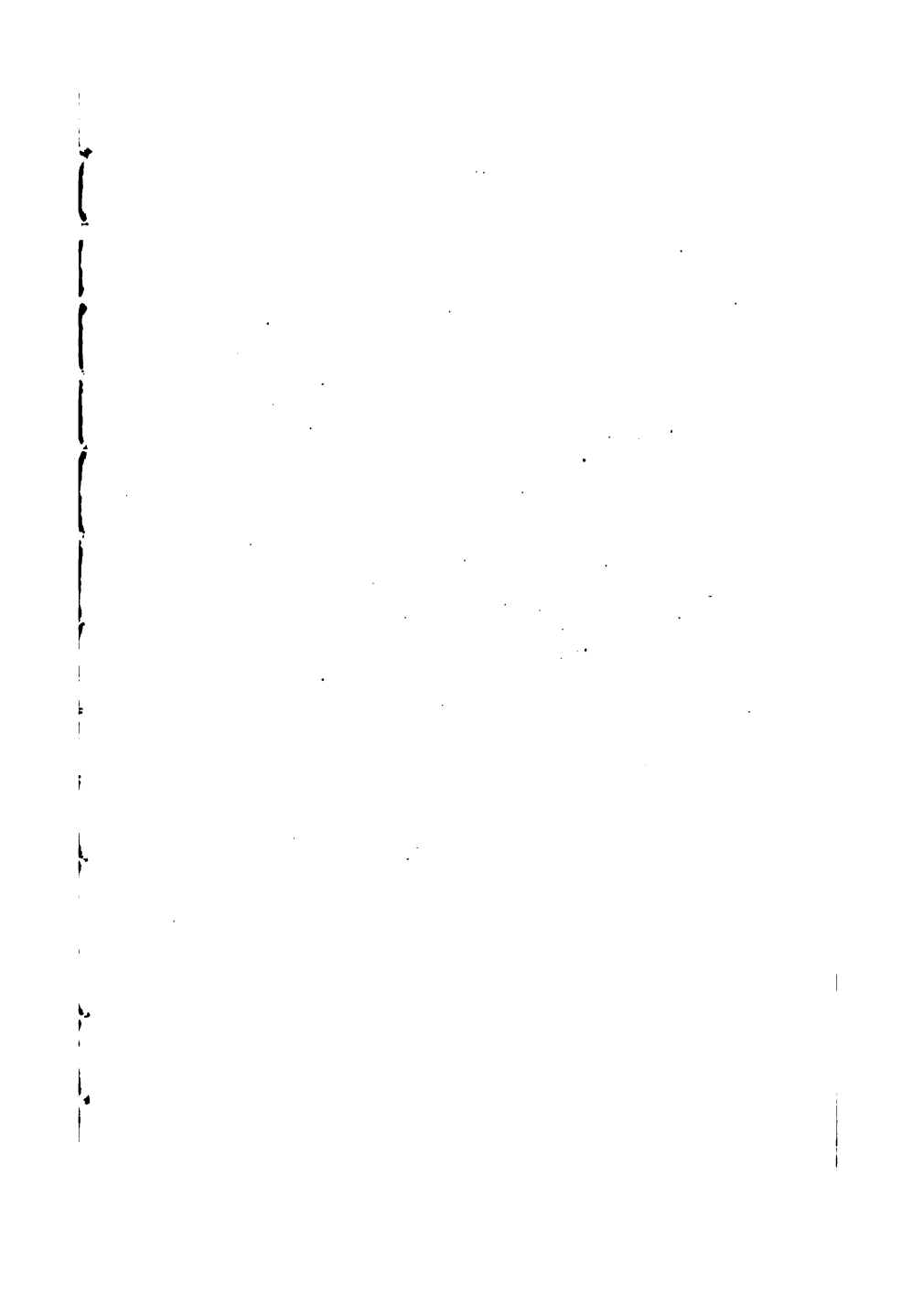
GIVE me an atmosphere of love and light,
I prayed, led by the instincts of my heart:
Lead me through classic paths, to fanes of art,
I can not bear the darkness nor the blight!
Not where the dead are buried out of sight,
Lead my faint trembling steps; give me no part,
With suffering or with sin; but lead apart,
In paths of beauty, gemmed with flowers, and
bright!

Yet were my footsteps led through deepest night,
And all my company made desolate!
So that I count all joy this solemn fate,
That leads through crush of sorrow up to light;
That shuts my footsteps in from all beside,
To walk the pathway with the Crucified.









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